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A Midsummer's Cruise



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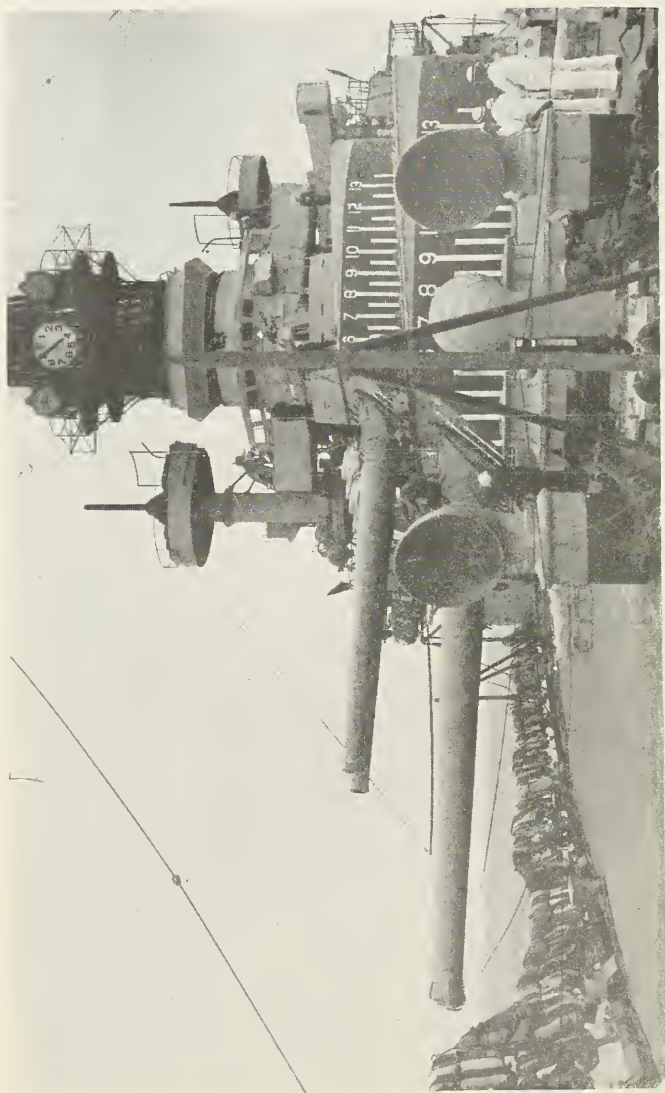
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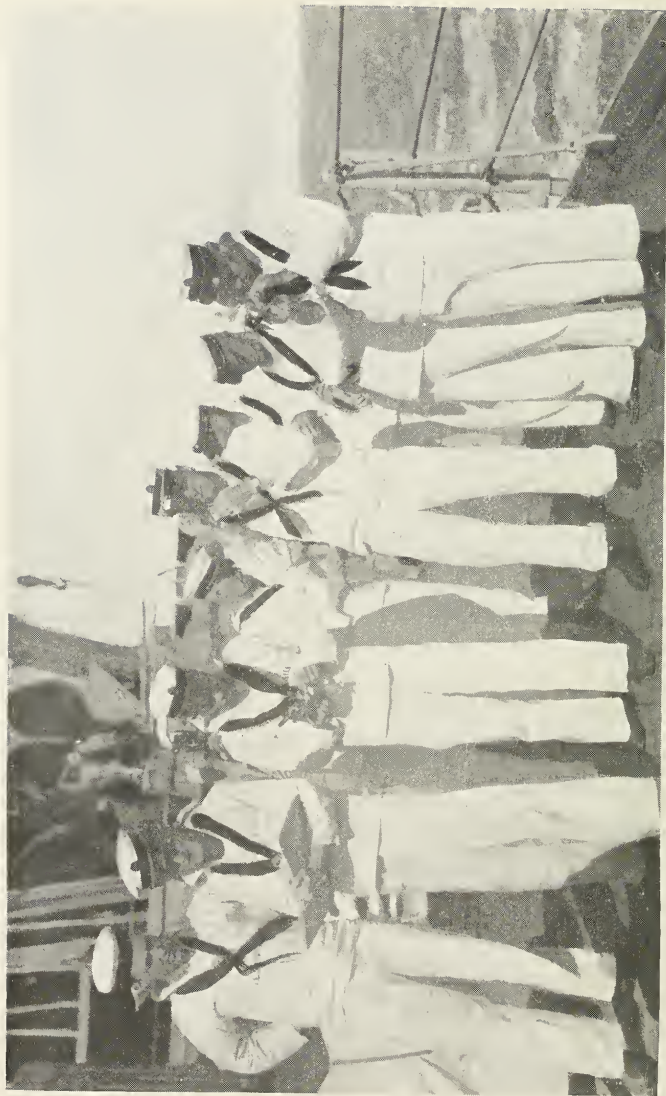
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ON THE FORECASTLE



A TIME SIGHT OF THE SUN

INTRODUCTION.

The days have long since passed by when Blackbeards and Captain Kidds haunted the high seas, bringing terror into the hearts of peaceful merchants and travelers. The time is no more when seafaring men told wierd tales of phantom ships, with red sails and ghostly crews, looming up out of the darkness. But the old ocean still holds a part of its romance, and steel ships have not yet driven from its bosom the adventurer and the fighter.

It is in an endeavor to preserve a little of the true romance of the sea that this book, based on actual experience during the practice cruise to Europe, is written. The reader who opens these pages expecting to find a carefully worked-out plot with a hero and a villain and thrilling struggles between the two, will be disappointed. Daily life rarely contains a dominating scheme, but is made up of a succession of events upon which we react with sorrow, pleasure, anger, or whatever mood our natures dictate. He who likes to view a cross section of real life and is interested in what his neighbor does and says, will not find this book uninteresting. The real adventurer and the real fighter are often concealed behind a common exterior, as the reader will see in the course of this story. The places are exactly as described — the men who were shipmates with the author will recognize them. Those on the outside may settle themselves in their easy chairs, become young again in spirit, and sail away with the fleet to Europe.

The author wishes to acknowledge the use of valuable material from the various ship's papers, such as the "Klassy K," "The South C Breeze," "The Wolverine," and "The North Star," and particularly the kindness of the photographic staff of the Lucky Bag of 1922 in permitting the use of their pictures for the illustrations.

The characters are fictitious, but the actions ascribed to them actually occurred. "Red Dugan" is a name of frequent occurrence and since there are three or four in the Academy, the author is relieved of the responsibility of designating any particular one.

Difficulties have been encountered in the publication of this book, but, thanks to those who recognized its true purpose, they have been overcome. That you will enjoy reading this little story is the sincere wish of

The Author

A Midsummer's Cruise

CHAPTER I.

THE EMBARKATION.

"Say, what d'you think I am — a pack-horse? Here we are, on the fourth deck, after I have carried three laundry bags, two sea bags, two suitcases, a couple of cameras, and a hammock down to the dock, and you have the colossal nerve to ask me to take charge of your luggage. If I camouflage my face with a shroud of mattress covers, how do you expect my girl to recognize me and wave that farewell kiss? Not on your life. You'll do your own carrying."

"All right, Red, I'll get a *friend* to help me out. The next time you try to borrow a Fat., you'll get it from me — not. You're the bird that had the Duty Officer looking for a plebe marked down for an incomplete outfit for the cruise only to find that he had lost two white shoestrings. You're the bug that dived into the swimming tank when it was empty. And to cap it all, you refuse to aid your room-mate when he has just five minutes to fall in on the dock. Why, you —."

It was the morning of the embarkation at Annapolis of the midshipmen on the five ships of the practice squadron, bound for Europe. Two midshipmen were standing in a deserted corridor, littered with scraps of paper, old rags, an occasional shoe, worn-out brooms, and cast-off clothing. Their voices were raised in seeming anger. But, although they were berating each other with all the ardor of professional political opponents, they were in reality the best of friends. "Red" Dugan was a small, wiry athlete, with a thatch of brick-red hair under which gleamed a pair of clear blue eyes. He had entered the U. S. Naval Academy three years before by way of competitive examinations. He was well acquainted with outside conditions, therefore, qualified to appreciate the enlisted men, their abilities, and their splendid service. Unfortunately, he spent too much time mastering the Academy slang, so that he struggled along with barely a satisfactory mark in his studies. Red's companion was a quiet chap, except when he got into an argument with his room-mate, and altogether justi-

fied the old saying that opposites go well together. Frank Morris acted as a check on the over-impulsive Red and pulled him out of many a ticklish scrape. They settled the argument at last. Red hauled the mattress and bucket into an elevator and descended to the ground deck. It was a long walk to the Santee Wharf, where the tug that was to take them out to the U. S. S. South Carolina was moored, the cruise gear was heavy, and the sun was sending down its hottest rays.

“Look, here, Frank, we’d be foolish to lug this gear all the way to the dock. What’s the use of making your legs work for you, when you can employ your gonk. Maybe Lady Luck will play——Wow! Do you see that!”

A negro, pushing an empty cart, was coming down the walk. With a shout of glee, Red dashed up, and before the negro was aware of what had happened, Red was in charge of the cart. Soon the boys were again in motion. Frank, as usual, was doing the work. Red, enthroned on a pile of luggage, was acting as passenger, at the same time keeping a bright lookout for his sweetheart, who was coming to see him off.

The yard was a gay sight. The prettiest girls in the country had come down to the Naval Ball the night before, and many had remained to bid good-bye to their friends. Their gayly colored dresses, yellow, red, blue, orange — all the colors of the rainbow, with all possible permutations and combinations — presented a pleasing contrast to the cool green of the shady trees and smooth sward. The girls were walking about with their friends, who, instead of putting on their military-looking blue uniforms, had donned “white works,” an outfit consisting of a white sailor hat with a blue rim, a loose, open-necked middy blouse with black silk neckerchief tied with the traditional square knot, and of wide-bottomed white trousers. These trousers look very cool and informal, but they are not made to be interesting only. In fact, the trousers legs are made wide so as to roll them up easily in the morning when getting ready to swab down the decks — but please pardon the digression.

When Red, the cart, and perspiring Frank arrived at the dock, a group of girls detached themselves from the crowd and stopped further progress.

"Oh, Red, is that your new command? Girls, salute the skipper. I see you have your running lights on; your hair, you know. Red to port; isn't it?"

"You bet, Betty, Red to *port* — but not as long as we stay in the States; that's reserved for Lisbon. What do you think of Frank as navigator?"

But there was no answer. An officer stopped and broke up the party.

"You boys had better hurry along. You've only a few minutes left to embark on Tug No. 1."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Frank.

"Good-bye, girls," said Dugan.

Four or five waved their hands at Red and sent a laughing farewell after him. There was one who said nothing, but her blue eyes spoke more than any words to Frank and he, in his turn, was satisfied with the farewell message.

Once embarked on the tug, it was a matter of only about a half hour before going alongside the South Carolina. The squadron was composed of five ships, in command of Rear Admiral C. F. Hughes, on the flagship Connecticut. The commanding officers of the ships were as follows:

ConnecticutCaptain Earle.

KansasCaptain Brumby.

South CarolinaCaptain Craven.

MinnesotaCaptain Stone.

MichiganCaptain Butler.

Naval Academy officers were detailed to go on the cruise in order to give special instruction in Engineering, Navigation and Electricity, and one of them on each ship became the assistant executive officer in charge of midshipmen.

As soon as the suitcases, hammocks and sea bags were carried aboard and sorted in piles, each division officer made a speech to the men. Red Dugan was in Squad 2, Division 2, under Lieut.

Mullin. Mr. Mullin was a heavy-set, red-faced man, rough in speech, perhaps, but kind in manner.

“Now the first thing that you fellows want to find out is where you eat. Remember your number, Mess 3, on starboard side of the main deck. Stow your belongings, and at 4 o'clock fall in on the quarterdeck.”

At four o'clock sharp, the midshipmen were assembled on the quarterdeck, that part of the ship sacred to officers. The bugler sounded attention. The captain appeared. He gave a common-sense talk in which he included quite a bit of sound advice.

“Now, men, I am no public speaker, and, after hearing men like the President and Mr. Denby last week, you may think my words sound rather flat. But consider what I have to say, not as a sample of oratory, but as a piece of sound advice, and we shall get along fine together. First, we must be alert at all times; a taut ship is a happy ship. Remember that—— and, to make this cruise enjoyable, to keep yourselves in the best of spirits, and to excel the other ships of the squadron, you must pay due regard to personal cleanliness. A great deal of the sickness aboard ship is caused by failure to observe the rules of cleanliness. Water, of course, is scarce and must be conserved, but make the best of what you get. Don't fail to get up on decks and fill your lungs with this invigorating sea air; it has a slap to it, a refreshing tang, and you will feel better for it. If you will work with us and come across handsomely, we'll all have a good ship and enjoy a happy cruise.”



CHAPTER 2.

LIFE ON BOARD SHIP.

It must not be thought that a sailor's life is free of care, in which the wanderlust is the motive and chance is the guide. On the contrary, every man is submitted to a system of discipline that resembles clockwork in its regularity. A modern battleship is at once a home and a workshop. It is an instrument embodying both the arts of peace and the science of war. It combines the nicety and delicacy of a chemist's balance with the roughness and strength of a huge steel girder. On board ship is found an epitome of the knowledge of man in the sciences of navigation, ordnance and gunnery, electrical engineering, chemistry, mathematics, steam engineering, and so on through a long list down to such common occupations as baking and cooking. In order to send these vessels down to sea to ride the long ocean swells, to brave the elements, and emerge the victor there can be no slipshod or haphazard life. There must be, and there is, a system.

There are two main divisions of the men: the deck force and the engineer force. The former carries out a routine for cleaning their section of the ship and receives instruction in drills. The latter carries on the important work of keeping up the speed of the ship. Red Dugan was stationed in the deck division, given a mess number for meals, a billet in which to swing his hammock at night, a locker in which to stow his clothes, a ship's number, 2403, a fire station, and general quarters. But let Mr. Mullin tell you in his own language.

"I want you men to know where you belong when we have a drill. Don't be a blockhead and tell the captain, if he asks you, that you forgot where you ought to go, or that the division officer never told you. If we have a fire drill this afternoon, there are six fire plugs for you to man. The one who carries the hand grenades will find out where the fire is, and not run around the decks like a scared rat, asking the location of the blaze. In case of a collision, which

isn't likely, seeing as we have the whole ocean to maneuver in, hustle up to the collision mat, that enclosed roll of thrummed canvas aft of turret No. 2. And last, remember that if we have to abandon ship, this whole squad falls in on the foc'sle near Motor Sailing Launch No. 1, but you don't go off till the second trip — the hard-tack and tinned beef go ashore first, and after the crew lands that on some island fifteen hundred miles away, they might come back and take you off, provided the ship hasn't submerged. Mr. Dugan, don't you go near the powder magazines with that fiery hair of yours, or you'll blow us all up. Squad, attention! Leave your quarters!"

Red was tired that night, and was glad when, at nine o'clock, it was time to turn in. But the strangeness of his surroundings and the excitement of the first day kept him from sleeping. At ten o'clock, when the lights were out and the only noise was the booming of the waves against the bows, he was still awake. Later he heard the hoarse voice of the bos'un's mate calling out, as from a far distance: "Re-relieve the wheel and lookout!" Finally, the swinging of his hammock rocked him to sleep, a heavy dreamless slumber. About three o'clock the next morning he was awakened by a noise like a dull roar of thunder. An extra large wave had struck the bows, and was rushing aft. Some unfortunate fellow was sleeping in a cot underneath an open port near Red. The sea water didn't splash in — no, it squirted in that port in a solid stream. The man below was nearly washed out of his cot. The suddenness of the occurrence might be considered as an excuse for the way in which he expressed his thoughts, meanwhile awakening all his neighbors. Red tried to fall asleep once more, but just as he was beginning to drift away someone who was running through the compartment rapped his shins on a mess bench. Howls of pain filled the air, followed by loud complaints against the carelessness displayed in leaving objects in a place where one would be sure to fall over them. This time Red remained awake till reveille, at five o'clock in the morning. He lashed his hammock, and thirty minutes later, went up on the foc'sle to turn to. The sea was very rough, and at times a wave would wash up and break on the deck. Never-

theless, the boys turned to, wet down with the hose and scrubbed down with long-handled scrubbers. The bos'un's mate had them dry the deck with squilgees "not t' git th' foe'sle dry, but to clean it off." The work gave Red a monstrous appetite, so that when the mess attendants brought on the oatmeal, the fried pork sausage and gravy, the boiled "spuds," the bread, butter and coffee, he was prepared to do it justice. After chow he shifted into the uniform of the day, and prepared to work that day's navigation. Each day, at noon, the number that came within three miles of the standard latitude and longitude was posted on the bulletin board. Mr. Wilson remarked, "I don't want to see any of you boys correcting your sextant with a hammer. That is like trying to regulate a Swiss-movement watch with a crowbar. In this navy, we do not navigate the way I saw a captain in the merchant marine do it. He used to head straight out of Chesapeake Bay until he came to the correct meridian then turn and run due south till he caught sight of Cuba. Well, he ought to stumble on an island of that size."

The Kansas had the prize navigator. Here's what the Klassy K had to say:

"Break out the band for O how Bright,
He works his Nav. without a sight;
But give the goboon to Felix Poole —
He navigates by the seven-tenths rule."

Frank went on duty from 8 June to 13 June as assistant officer of the deck. It had been pretty rough before, but on the second night it began to blow a gale. At sunset, a bank of leaden-colored clouds drifted slowly from the west, shortening the twilight and cutting off the lights of the stars. The stern and range lights on the Connecticut seemed like spots of fire against a curtain of dead black. Large waves, capped with white foam, came curling out of the night and struck the ship gigantic blows. Occasionally, the overhanging bows would reel downwards and fall upon an on-coming wave, smashing it and casting a veritable geyser of snow-white spray high into the air. Sometimes the nose of the ship buried itself in a huge wave and when the bows staggered up again a Niagara of seething water poured off the decks into the sea. A strong wind came from two

points forward of the port bow. There was no rain, no lightning, no sound save the dull boom of the waves. Frank had no real responsibility, yet he could sympathize with the officer of the deck, who walked nervously back and forth, feeling keenly the greatness of the trust given into his care. Frank thought of the folks back home and felt a touch of pride in the thought that while they were safely sleeping, he along with many others, was keeping watch over them. At length the watch was over, and Frank was glad to hear eight bells.

“Sir. I have been properly relieved.”

“Very well; you may go below.”

During the voyage to the Azores, the most remarkable incident occurred on Tuesday, 7 June. Red Dugan had just finished taking a sight on the sun with his sextant, when he glanced at the Connecticut, the first ship in column.

“Jimmie Doak! Jimmie Doak!”

“What’s trouble now, Red?”

“The Connie’s out of line and we’re stopping. They are hauling down the speed cone. Listen! Do you hear that gun? There’s a man overboard from one of our ships. And see, out there on the starboard hand, there’s a life buoy. What does it mean? Is it a drill, or is there really a man overboard?”

Both ran up to the boat deck to get a better view. They could perceive no one swimming near the life buoy. At the end of fifteen minutes word was received that it was a false alarm; the ships resumed formation and proceeded on the course.

That night there was more excitement. Just as Red had settled himself for a good night’s rest, and had lashed himself in his hammock to play safety first, the fire gong sounded.

“Go to your fire stations! Fire forward!”

Red disentangled himself from his hammock and ran towards the scene of the blaze, clad in pajamas—thanks to H. The fire had started in the paint locker, which was filled with smoke. Captain Craven was one of the first on the spot, calmly directing the men in their work. Several men descended to the paint locker, were overcome by the fumes, and were pulled out by lines attached

about their waists. As for Red, he "sachêted" madly about like a chicken with its head cut off.

"Save the laundry! Ain't there a way to rescue our clothes? Mr. Henry, don't let 'em play the hose on our clean laundry. Can't I go and drag it out?"

"Yes, yes. Please yourself."

Red coolly selected the Second Squad laundry, for which he was later given a vote of thanks by the members of his squad; and censured by the others. E. J. Odell, Ptr. 3c., A. Allison, ptr., 3c. and P. J. Doughty, stkr. 1c., distinguished themselves in the fire fighting and they, along with others, were especially mentioned by the captain in his report.

On Tuesday afternoon, 2 p. m., 14 June. Flores, the first island of the Azores was sighted. Land, when first seen at sea, resembles a cloud, a faint, blue shadow beyond the horizon, that deepens in color as the distance grows less until one can distinguish the outlines. Red was on the boat deck when Flores hove in sight. He called out:

"Come over here, wife, and tell me something about these mid-Atlantic rocks. I'll suffer cheerfully."

Frank was not averse to enlightening Red on this subject, so he settled himself comfortably on a gun base and began:

"The Azores are of volcanic origin. Years ago they were thrown up above the surface of the ocean by some great convulsions of the earth. Sea birds and perhaps the wind, carried seeds from the mainland, and plants began to cover the islands. By and by the Phoenicians sent out ships that passed the lost Atlantis and sailed on to the Azores; at least it is said that strange pottery and Oriental coins have been discovered there. But the ocean swallowed up all knowledge of their existence and they were forgotten as completely as though the waters of the Atlantic had covered them once more.

Prince Henry, the Navigator, was responsible for the rediscovery of these islands. He collected all old charts and books relating to them and in 1431, he sent out Cabral, who discovered the Formiga group and St. Mary. On May 8, 1444, Cabral found St.

Michaels, and on account of the multitude of hawks on that island, the group was called: 'The Azores.'

The celebrated action of the *Revenge* took place in 1591 at Flores. 'Her Majesty (Elizabeth) understanding of the Indian fleet's wintering in Havana, and that necessity would compel them home this year 1591, sent a fleet to the islands under the charge of the Lord Thomas Howard * * * *'. On 31st August, Howard was at anchor off Flores, watering and refreshing. The Spanish king sent Alonso de Bazan from Ferrol with 55 ships and 7,200 men, and soon was at Terceira. The Earl of Cumberland saw the fleet on the coast of Spain and sent the *Moonshine*, Capt. Middleton, to warn Howard in time for him to slip his cables and all got clear except the *Revenge*. Tennyson says of that famous battle:

'And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over
the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and fifty-
three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long their high-built gal-
leons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle thunder
and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her
dead and her shame,
For some were sunk, and many were shattered, and so could
fight us no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?
But Sir Richard cried, in his English pride
We have fought such a fight for a day and a night,
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more, at sea or ashore, we die — does it
matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner, sink her, split her in
twain,
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain.'



"MAIN STREET," CHRISTIANIA

There are two good ports, Ponta Delgada, in Sao Miguel, where a costly breakwater has been erected, and Horta, on Fayal, an important cable center with one of the best harbors in the Atlantic. Nearly all the cities of the islands have gas, electric lights and water supply, but in the country districts there are few of the conveniences or comforts of modern civilization. Transportation is principally by donkey or ox-cart. The population was 258,000 in 1900." At this point, Frank ran out of "dope."

The next morning the squadron sailed between the islands of San Jorge and Pico Alto. It was early, and the clouds were resting on the tips of the mountains like great, fluffy blooms of cotton, and trailing long, white streamers of mist down the valleys. Through the telescope Frank could see the picturesque, white-walled houses, the spire of the church in Villa des Valles the lighthouse on a cliffside, and beyond, the brown cones of extinct craters. But the ships steamed on their way. The Azores remained a strange world, as far as personal experience was concerned, as the cracked and dried surface of the moon remains a mystery to the astronomers, who can see, yet cannot attain. The battleships passed on. Again they were in the ocean, with no bounds save the encircling ring of the horizon.

It began to grow colder as the latitude increased. Red Dugan told Frank that Dennis Casey, Chief Quartermaster, claimed that he saw an orange colored sea gull flying around the ship, chased by a flock of green ones.

"Cheer up, Doogan," replied Frank, "that is because the coast of your fatherland, Ireland, is off to the east of us."

On the afternoon of the 20th, after several cloudy days, the lookout called to the bridge: "Land ho!" It was too cold to go on deck so Red stationed himself near an open port. The island of St. Kilda was passed close on the starboard hand so that Red got a good look at its black silhouette looming against the sky. The only sign of life was the sea gulls, flying about the cliffs. Vertical strata, not yet worn smooth by the rain and the wind, thrust jagged pinnacles at the clouds. Walls of rock stretched down to the surface of the water, where flashes of white foam marked the waves

breaking on the shore. Altogether, it was a cold, dreary, desolate picture, and Red turned away with a feeling of satisfaction when the island receded and began to disappear.

Ten o'clock of the next morning saw the squadron steaming through Pentland Firth. The western entrance is guarded by great walls of rock that seem to act as sentinels, facing the cold winds that sweep down from the north. The hatches were battened down because of the heavy currents, side bucks, and rips. The column rapidly lost formation. A sudden swirl of water caught the Minnesota and turned her half way around; she immediately signaled the flagship, asking for permission to increase her speed. This was soon done and the ship swung back into line.

Frank Morris put on his reefer and came topside to catch a glimpse of the interesting places that were appearing. To the north, he could see the arms of the Firth leading to Scapa Flow. It was in this latter place that the German fleet had been sent to the bottom by its own crews. Frank experienced a peculiar emotion; he began to see history in a new light. That which before had been a collection of words on the pages of a book became suddenly secondary to the real events which had actually occurred at Scapa Flow. No words, however carefully selected, can give one that broader outlook on life, the world and its peoples, that comes from seeing with one's own eyes.

That afternoon the Chaplain issued pamphlets describing Christiania. Red Dugan promptly secured three copies: one for his folks, one for his girl, who probably would never see Christiania, and one for himself. He discovered a paper-backed book entitled: "Easy Lessons in Norwegian," and set about to memorize a bill of fare.

"Hi, Frank, let's learn to speak the lingo. When you're in Rome speak Spik. When you're in Norway, do the same. What say?"

"Bah! It's a waste of time. It's much simpler to speak in English. You'll find waiters in all the large restaurants who can talk our language as well as you can."

"But that ain't the point. If I can go in and pull the real stuff, they'll say, 'Here's a guy that knows the ropes. We'll go

easy on his kroner and ores.' Besides, suppose you get lost, and want to ask the way of some cop. What would you do?"

"In the first place, I wouldn't get lost."

"That's you all over. Dodge the question. Well, *I* am goin' to speak Norske. Let's see, how do you say *beer*? Beer, oel, pronounced *ul*; red wine, *rodvin*, pronounced *ro-urcen*; white wine, *hvitvin*, *wcet-urcen*."

Frank interrupted Red's soliloquy with: "Is that all you're going to do — learn how to ask for drinks? Why don't you eat?"

"Aw, shut up, will yuh? I'll get to that later on. Fish is something like the English word — fisk, but it's a far cry from chicken to *hans*. Say, I ought to be a millionaire when I go ashore. A kroner is worth 14.7 cents, and I draw \$8.81, or 60 kroner. There are 6 ores in one cent. Here's a good idea: tell the folks at home you spent 1200 ores on one meal and they'll think you broke in a bank. I'm going to refer to my cash account in terms of kroner — makes me think I'm worth more. By the way, this is a good chance to make a collection of foreign coins, stamps, newspaper clippings describing the arrival of the squadron, and pictures of the cruise. If my kroner don't give out before we leave Norway, I'll have enough relies and mementos to fill a laundry bag."

"Red, you make me tired. Good-bye. I'll leave you to make your plans on the Q. T."

The following afternoon the long-looked for Norwegian coast appeared off the port bow. When it came close enough, Frank manned the telescope and took a good look at the "promised land." The far away hills were dark green — covered with fir and pine. From north to south, within the radius of vision, Frank saw the rugged mountains, the deep valleys, the thin lines of silver that represented creeks and mountain streams. Long arms of the sea, the Norwegian fjords, stretched far inland, as if to welcome the rivers and lead their waters out to the great ocean. The shore was composed of bare rocks, on which the waves broke and surged. The coast of Norway is a wild coast, a fit breeder of the strong and reckless race that braved the terrors of the sea and preceded Columbus to America by fully five hundred years.

CHAPTER III.

FRANK AND RED IN NORWAY.

It was 11:30 at night before Frank came again on the foc'sle. He expected darkness, as is usual in southern latitudes at this time; darkness, that comes on with that quickness Coleridge has so aptly described:

“The sun’s rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark.”

But he saw a wonderful sight. To the right Frank could see the moon, half-hidden by the silver clouds, making a shining pathway of light on the ocean waves. To the left, a broad band of red glowed behind the black silhouette of hills, betraying the hiding place of the sun. For a long time he stood there lost in admiration of this queer spectacle of night in the embrace of day. Then he turned and went below.

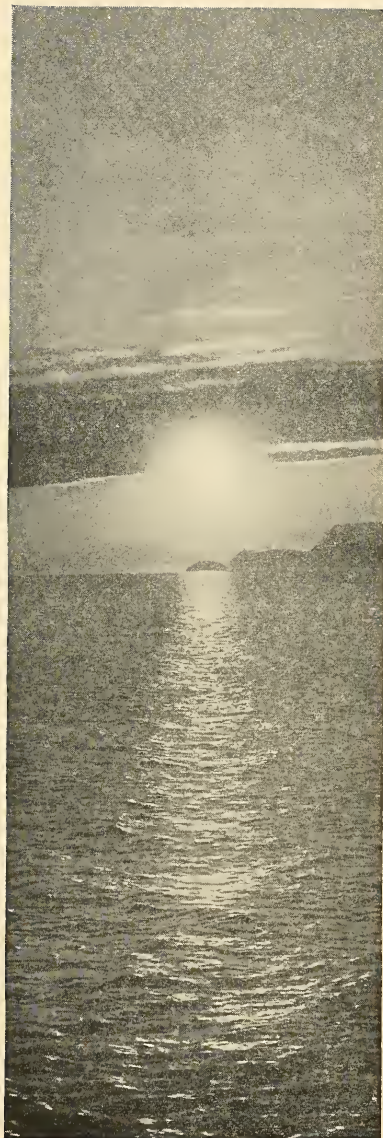
The morning of the 23rd found the battleships at the mouth of Christiania Fjord, where they stopped to allow the Norwegian pilots to come aboard. A few hours later, the squadron steamed between the lighthouses at the entrance. It was a sunshiny day; a few summer clouds floated lazily overhead, and, for a change, it was warm, due to the shelter from the cold north winds afforded by the land. The waters of the fjord were as smooth as glass, and rippled away from the bows of the ship as in the smooth surface of a lake. Here and there, along the banks, one could see picturesque villages, and occasionally, a fair-sized town. At one place, school had let out for the day, and the kiddies stood on the banks, waving and cheering for the strangers. Many of the townspeople had rowed out in small boats to get a close view of the Americans. One row-boat contained two Norwegian girls, and beauties they were, too. They were golden-haired, blue-eyed blondes; their cheeks were red with the healthy flush of outdoor life, and they appeared to be physically well developed. A gob shouted: “Hello, girls!”

To the surprise of all, one of them sent back an answering shout: "Hello, Americans!"

Well, the sailors cheered them like mad. The starboard life-lines nearly broke under the weight of the curious spectators.

Slowly the ships proceeded up the fjord, and at one o'clock Christiania lay dead ahead, in full sight. A German steamer from Hamburg passed close by to starboard, outward bound. It is the custom for a ship underway to lower the colors a little on passing another vessel of different nationality; it is the same in principle as the action of a civilian in tipping his hat to a friend. A grizzled squarehead in the stern hauled the red, white and black all the way down, and held his country's flag in one hand and his old black pipe in the other. The harbor of Christiania was filled with small sailing craft, that tacked and wore fearlessly within a few yards of the huge war vessels nosing into the place of anchorage. These half raters were as trim as one could wish; they were very narrow and cut the water like a knife, at a comparatively high rate of speed; they heeled at a sharp angle on the turns and answered quickly to the slightest breath of wind. Instead of a man's owning a Ford in Christiania he owns a sailing boat, and gets just as much pleasure out of it, too. Another striking feature of the arrival was the number of flags. As Eddy Foster remarked: "The Crown Prince must have a corner on the flag and flagpole market." The sides of the hills about Christiania were gay with the national colors; every front yard, it seemed, had its flagpole. This was partly explained by the fact that the Norwegians are a homogenous and patriotic people, and partly because the Americans happened to arrive on the longest day of the year, the day of the mid-night sun, which was being celebrated.

Red Dugan was afire with excitement. He wanted to know if there was any mail, how soon it would be before the first liberty boat went ashore, where the ships would moor, and above all, he wanted to try out his home-made brand of Norwegian. There was no liberty until the next day, however, because of the celebration of the holiday. But Red was on the spot the next afternoon at 2:30, when the liberty party fell in on the quarterdeck. He had his



THE MIDNIGHT SUN, NORWAY

white cap as clean as soap and water and sunshine could make it, his blue uniform was carefully pressed and painstakingly brushed, and his shoes were as highly polished as a mirror. When the cox's'n shoved off the motor sailer, the men gave a hearty cheer. Although it was only a short distance to the dock, the time seemed to pass slowly on the way. At last the boat officer shouted: "Disembark!" and the men stepped ashore in Europe.

Red laid his course towards the Cafe Bien, and entered in hopes of getting something to eat. A smiling woman clerk was standing behind the counter.

"Hair doo no got froot?" he inquired. (Have you any fruit?)

The clerk evidently did not understand Norwegian; at least, not Red's.

"Do you speak English?"

No answer.

"Parlez-vous francais?"

Still no answer.

"Können Sie Deutsch sprechen?"

A bland smile was his only reward.

"I say, d'you speak Hog Latin, by any chance?"

No, she did not. So Red employed the age old method of

sign language, which is understood everywhere. He pointed to some cakes and moved his jaws; he indicated his thirst by tilting upwards an empty glass. The waiter smiled; she understood, waved him towards a seat, and Red sat down for his dinner. First came a large bowl of tomato soup. Then appeared broiled salmon and mealy, boiled potatoes. Next, there were roast pork, bread, butter, and rich, brown gravy. Red had to ask for the bread, for it is used very little, potatoes being eaten in its stead. And for dessert Red had a big dish of strawberries and ice cream. (*Jordbaer med fløde.*) When he asked the price of all this excellent food he was surprised to learn that it cost only seven kroner — one dollar. A meal like that would have been worth at least three and a half in the States. Red paid the bill and added a five kroner tip. The waitress was so unused to American generosity that she nearly kissed him. He fled.

A stranger accosted him, on Karl Johan's Gade, the principal street of Christiania. This man pointed to a café and muttered "Champagne?" Red was naturally opposed to being spoken to in this manner by tramps and beggars, but he choked his feeling of aversion for a moment and said:

"Do you speak English?"

"Ja!" (pronounced *yaw*, means *yes*.)

"What are you doing around here?"

"Ja!"

"Do you understand me?"

"Ja!"

"You do not understand me!"

"Ja!"

"Say, just between you and me, don't you think you are a damn fool?"

"Oh, ja, ja!"

"So do I. So long, old top. You'd better go back to school."

Except in a minority of cases the sailor on shore leave thinks first of all of food, and after that, of sightseeing. Red was satisfied with the meal he had eaten a few minutes before, so he set out on a tour of the city. Some men never look at a map of the places they are visiting, since they believe the element of strangeness lends

a touch of adventure to their wanderings; others prefer to lay out their route before hand in order to know just what they wish to see, when they can see it, and where, thus saving time and seeing more. Red, true to his nature, adapted the haphazard method. He halted before the Grand Cafe and hailed a Ford taxi — yes, there were Fords in Christiania. The driver was a tow-headed Norwegian who could not understand English, so Red decided to get an interpreter. He jumped into the front seat and took the wheel away from the driver, not without a struggle. Driving slowly past a street corner, he shouted at a group of men standing on a sidewalk:

“Any you fellows talk English?”

A heavy-set gentleman, carrying a brief case, and dressed in a brown tweed suit stepped forward.

“Yes, I speak it.”

“Come on, get in — quick.”

Taken by surprise, Fats, for such did Red name him, stepped on the running board. Red turned on the gas, and, as the car jumped forward, reached out with his free hand, grasped Fats’ coat front, and pulled him into the car.

“Fats, you’re my guide, and you’re goin’ to show me all the sights of Christiania, such as they are, before eleven o’clock to-night. Do I hear any objection?”

“B-ut, my dear sir, this is — unexpected, to say the least. It is not the custom here to kidnap a guide. You must allow —”

“Oh, no you don’t. You can talk too well to get off so easily. Don’t worry, I’m the goat. I’ll set you up to a swell dinner, provided you journey around with me awhile. What say?”

The man smiled slightly and replied: “Well, I’ll do it, for the novelty of it. Where do you wish to go?”

“Oh, anywhere. Doesn’t make any difference to me.”

“Then keep right on. The street in which we are now driving is Karl Johan’s Gade, the principal one of the city. Do you see this large building to our right? That is the university. It was founded in 1811 by King Frederick VI, on voluntary contributions from all classes throughout Norway. Grosch erected the buildings



THE LIBERTY PARTY

from 1841-1851, and, as you can see, they are very fine. This portion facing the lawn has a huge portico adorned with a bronze frieze representing Athene breathing the spirit of life into the first human beings. That statue in the middle of the lawn is of Schweigaard, one of our statesmen and lawyers. The north wing used to be the University Library; but that has been removed to a separate building, Drammen's Road. In the garden in the rear of this building there are a number of ancient runic stones. The old Vikings, you know, called letters, runes. And there is an old Viking ship there, too, housed in a temporary building."

"Say, I want to see that. I'll drive around and stop, then we'll drop in and inspect."

Red parked the Ford under a tree in a rear street, and Fats told the driver, "paa Norske," to wait there. The cabin was closed, but two or three kroners proved a good key and soon the two men were gazing on a ship built over a thousand years ago.

"This is called the Gokstad Ship, as it was discovered in 1880, in a large mound near Sande Fjord, on Gokstad Farm. The ship was hauled on rollers three-quarters of a mile from the fjord, and an old chieftain was buried in it with all his treasures. Robbers had dug down to it and torn away a portion of the port side to get to the treasure, which, of course, was all gone when Nicolaysen disinterred the vessel for the museum. On the right side of the ship is a large rudder, which, in those days, was always placed to the right of the stern, from which circumstance we get the name 'steerboard' or 'starboard.' That ought to be interesting to you, a navy man." Red nodded. "Along the side strakes you can see holes. They were for the spruce oars, sixteen on each side. That indicates that this was a small war vessel, for the leading craft usually had 20 or more oars on each side. The shields hanging along the rail formed a miniature armor plate for the protection of the rowers and fighters in battle. There is a detachable mast that was carried along; in fact, most of the navigation was done by sail, but the maneuvering in battle was accomplished by rowing. The fights began at long range with the launching of flights of arrows. The men crouched low behind the bulwarks and shields until the

ships came together. Then began the hand to hand struggle, in which the best man won. Battle axes, swords, clubs, and stones were commonly used."

Here Red interrupted. "I hear they adopted bricks, after they visited Ireland."

"None of this funny stuff, young man. If you want me to stay on as your guide, don't try any kidding along."

"Fats, I'm not saying a word. Let's hear some more about this boat."

"Very well. The bow here is pretty well demolished, because it stuck up out of the mound in which the ship was buried. Presumably, both bow and stern were finished with carved dragons. In the Sagas, we frequently read of a dragon's head about the prow, and the sail was compared with dragon's wings. The stern often was carved in form of a tail, so they called the whole ship a *dragon*.

"Special care was exercised in the construction of the prow. The strong oak boards were beautifully clinched, and the edges adorned with moldings.

"The lowest strake is clinched to the keel with iron bolts, while the others are bound to the frame with soft roots. The vessel exhibits a combination of strength and buoyancy with beautiful curves fore and aft. As an illustration of her seaworthiness, an exact model was built in the nineties, and a Norwegian crew sailed in her across the Atlantic."

Red shook his head, and added: "Why, that boat looks almost like one of our whaleboats. We could hoist it up on the deck of the South C. by the boat cranes without trying. The old Vikings must have been a tough gang to sail all over the ocean in a ship like this. I'd like to have seen the skipper; he must have been a terror to keep the men in shape in these crowded quarters for days at a time."

"Yes, the Vikings were a trifle unruly. Nowadays you grow tired of ship life and go ashore to have a good time. In those days, the Vikings were more than tired of salt fish and lack of sleep, and when they set foot on land, they were all ready to tear loose. That's why they were such good fighters."

After a few minutes, Red's curiosity was satisfied and he suggested that they leave to seek new fields for sightseeing. They walked back to the car, where the driver, with a curious look of mixed resignation and contentment, was still waiting. Red was doomed to learn more about Ford taxis in Christiania than he expected or cared for.

Directed by Fats, Red drove the car back to Karl Johan's Gade (Johan's Street), and up the hill towards the Royal Palace. It is at the foot of this hill that Drammen's Vei, the most popular promenade in the city, begins; to the right, one may see the Palace Park, and to the left, broad sidewalks shaded by lofty trees. In summertime the stores close at four and five o'clock in the afternoon and the tired clerks go out for a stroll along Drammen's Vei. At the time when Red was driving up the avenue, the walks were crowded with civilians among whom he could see sailors, officers, and midshipmen. Again the Ford was allowed to remain in a side street while Red and his guide started out to see the Royal Palace. A broad flight of steps leads from the end of Karl Johan's Gade to the terrace in front of the Slotte, from which a magnificent view of the heart of the business district of the city may be obtained. It was a little after five o'clock when the two sightseers mounted these steps and found that they had arrived too late to be admitted to the palace grounds. A sentinel paced back and forth before the barred gates, beyond which Red could see the well-kept lawns, the flower beds resplendent with many colors, the white marble statues, peeping out of shady corners, and the sunshine glittering on the waters of a fountain. The guard wore a tall, visored cap with black ostrich plume, a black velvet blouse with gold aiguillettes, and blue trousers with a broad, white band along each outside seam. He was effectively armed with a rifle and fixed bayonet.

At first, Red despaired of getting inside, for the guard politely but firmly barred the pathway. But when Red withdrew, he saw four of his midshipmen friends and, calling them by name, he said:

"Boys, what d'you say we try to pass the bird with the gun and take a close-up of the Royal vegetable gardens?"

"Easily said, Doogan, but how'll you work it?"

“Easier yet, Skinny. Here’s the idea. You four men fall in ranks behind me and be my staff. I’ll play the part of distinguished visitor and awe the guard into submission. We may not get away with it, but we don’t lose anything by taking a chance.”

“All right, Doogan, we’ll try anything once.”

So Red formed his staff. He marched ahead of the others, all with heads up, chests out, and in step. At the gates, Red abruptly gave the command: “Staff, left turn, march!” and the boys went on through, not even deigning to glance at the startled guard, who, not knowing what to do, allowed them to pass. For a half hour, Red and his “staff” wandered about the grounds, enjoying the sights. But they made a mistake when they attempted to enter the palace itself. They were almost at the great, bronze doors when the Master of the Royal Guards rushed out, with drawn sword, and stopped them.

“What are you doing here?” he demanded in English.

“Oh, just lookin’ around.”

“Well, you get out of here as fast as you can travel. How did you get in, may I ask?”

“By the same way, George, that we’re goin’ to leave. Staff, let’s beat it, before we get in bad.”

Fats was waiting patiently when they appeared outside, and exclaimed, the moment he saw them: “I knew you would be chased out of there before long. That’s why I didn’t accompany you when you started inside. Mr. Dugan, I think I had better take you to a place where you can’t get into hot water. Come with me.”

“Fats, there’s only one place where I can’t go wrong, and that’s in a restaurant, where I’m too busy eating. What time is it?”

“Only a quarter till six. We have plenty of time to drive up to Holmenkollen and Frognersaeteren, in the mountains, then we can return and dine at the Continental.”

“Sounds good to me! We’ll wake up Swede, here, and take his poor old Ford on a cross country walk. Hi, Swede, turn out!”

The driver, who had been sleeping, opened his eyes, yawned, and listened to the directions Fats gave him. Soon the two were riding through Majorstuen, a beautiful suburb of Christiania, where many

of the society people and foreign ambassadors reside. When they reached the terminal station for the electric line in Majorstuen Fats advised Red to dismiss the car and proceed by tramway up the mountain side, as it would be far cheaper, with just as good an opportunity to gain a view of the fjord and the valley. The taximeter read ten crowns, and Red was congratulating himself on his thriftiness. "Hvor meget?" (how much) he asked.

"Tredje kroner." (thirty crowns).

"Yes," cut in Fats, "he wants ten crowns for the traveling we did and twenty for time spent in waiting."

"Look here, Swede, I don't want to buy this Ford from you, I only wanted to hire it for the afternoon. Where d'you get that stuff?"

But Red's protests were wasted and he at last paid the thirty crowns. When he started away, the driver snapped out of his stolidity and began jabbering in Norwegian.

Fats translated: "He wants fifteen crowns more; the city has laid a tax of 50% on all taxi fares. I'm afraid you must pay him."

"This is highway robbery," objected Red. "I did about a dollar's worth of riding and they stick me for three dollars waiting and two dollars luxury tax. I suppose I'll have to dig up, however. Here, Swede, your fare — and also a one ore tip for you to buy a glass of champagne. How about it?" (One ore was worth one-sixth of a cent).

Swede was not in the least offended by Red's tip. He merely touched his cap, said "Tak" (thanks) and drove off.

The electric car from Majorstuen ran up the mountain side from the western part of the city. First, it passed through the fields of Vestre Aker, in which stood clumps of trees, remnants of old forests that stood there in Viking days, then began a rapid ascent of the western side of Vettakollen. After sweeping around a great curve at Skeedalen, the car traversed an embankment raised across a valley to Holmenkollen Station. Red and Fats disembarked there and walked up a little foot-path to Holmenkollen. There they found a huge, old-fashioned inn, built of rough-hewn logs, surmounted by a roof of quaint tiles and protected at the ridge by

a carved wooden dragon, which was grinning diabolically at the valley far below. They had their choice of dining at their ease in a roomy hall, or of repairing to the flower-screened veranda to sip a glass of wine, meanwhile gazing at the splendid vista before them. But our friends did not stay long. After a short rest, they boarded another car and continued the ascent of the mountain to Frogner-saeteren.

From this little station they went on up a woodland path, past a pretty little mountain lake with waters as green as emerald, to the extreme top, near the wireless towers. A wooden scaffolding, ninety or a hundred feet high, had been constructed in the middle of a cleared space. A magnificent view of Christiania was obtained there, and beyond, of the silver waters of the fjord with countless wooded islands, stretching far away to the horizon and the open sea. The great battleships anchored in the harbor resembled little top ships of tin, resting in a basin made by some modeler for a museum. To the rear, one caught a glimpse of the mountains, their snowy peaks rising above the dark green of the distant forests.

The freshness and delicate scent of the air can never be described in words. One breath of it is more exhilarating than a glass of old wine; it lends fresh vigor to one's step and gives a feeling of pure enjoyment of life. The breezes, wandering through the forest aisles, emerge laden with oxygen and with the pungent odor of fir and pine. Statistics show that Norway is the most healthy country of Europe — let us look to the air as a reason.

The travelers missed the next return car to Majorstuen, so they decided to go on foot part way down the mountain. They repassed Frogner-saeteren and followed the ski trail for quite a while. This ski trail is a rendezvous for all the lovers of outdoor sports in the winter time; then, the branches of the evergreen trees droop and crackle under the weight of the snow, myriads of icicles sparkle in the rays from the low hanging sun, the cold north wind brings the red blood to the cheeks of the boys and girls, sleds flash by in rapid succession, and shouts of laughter arise when some unfortunate "Norske" fails to round a corner and lands in a heap at the snow-banked side of the trail. But Fats and Red viewed an entirely dif-

ferent scene. It was a pleasant afternoon. The sun had slanted down towards the western hilltops and had seemingly paused, as if reluctant to take the final plunge behind the distant horizon. The fir trees were motionless, as though they were taking an afternoon siesta. Even the birds were silent. The path wandered through clumps of fir trees, where the interlacing branches above cast a premature evening darkness over the ground; out into pretty glens, dotted here and there by white-barked birch and freshened by small blue and yellow flowers. Down a steep embankment, over a rounded hummock, and around rugged rock walls, the pathway led the two travelers. They could have walked on for hours enjoying the beauty and quietness of this mountain trail — but it's a long road that has no end. They soon arrived at Midstuen and took a Christiania-bound car.

The Continental is just opposite the National Theater, one block from Karl Johan's Gade. At this time, Red was more interested in the hotel than in the most famous theater in Norway. He lost no time in procuring a table for two in one corner of the grill, where he could observe without being observed. After eating on bare tables, with thick, sea-going mess gear, and after listening to the disputes between nine noisy messmates, Red could appreciate the white table linen, the thin chinaware, the shining knives and forks, and the quiet surroundings.

Before the waiter appeared, Red caught sight of Frank Morris, who had just entered the grill.

"Frank, come over here."

"Well, well, if it isn't Red. What have you been doing with yourself this afternoon?"

"Just knocking around the place a little. Sit down and join the party. Fats, allow me to present my wife."

"Your *wife*?"

"Oh, it's only a slang term for *room-mate*. Waiter, waiter. Come here. Bring orders for two — no, three. Vorstaar de?"

"Yes, I understand English."

"Good. Now we can get what we want, and not make a wild guess. For a starter, bring some Bouillon; then, a course of broiled salmon, and as to the rest, we'll let you know later. And, waiter—"

“Yes?”

“Bring a flask of the best and oldest wine you have, Rhenish preferred. Fats, I don’t drink ordinarily, but I want to be able to say, when I get home, that I have tasted wine, real wine from the vineyards of Germany. No matter if the dusty, ragged label was ‘fixed’ and recently pasted on; no matter if the liquor never came from the Rhine valley, I can still talk about how I drank old Rhenish wine and awaken the envy of the postoffice prophets at home.”

Fats smiled at Red’s amusing egotism, but promised to join him in a toast for Norway. The long walk had made Red as hungry as a bear after hibernation, so that he did full justice to the food. He was greatly interested when the waiter carried in a tray filled with cracked ice, on which rested a dark flask, with a ragged, dirty label with the date 1880, and artistically draped with cobwebs. Three dainty glasses were filled with the clear, red liquor.

“Now, my friends,” said Fats, “you must join me in a toast to America, your native land; may she ever grow and prosper as the years pass by.”

Three glasses clinked and they drank to the prosperity of the States, with wine. A wet toast for a dry land.

“It is our turn, now,” Red suggested. “Let us all wish a happy future for Norway, and a long reign for her king. What ho!”

And again the glasses were raised in the air.

“There is one custom peculiar to Norway, and that is the good, old habit of drinking to each other’s health. Long years ago, the sea rovers would hoist their drinking horns, filled with frothing beer, and with a hearty *skaal*, drink it to the last drop. Let us do likewise. Now, altogether, *skaal!*”

The cups, empty at last, were replaced on the table. Red, looking at Fats more closely, found him to bear all the marks of a gentleman. At last he asked: “You will pardon me, I hope, for my abruptness in making your acquaintance this afternoon. May I apologize, and at the same time ask your real name?”

“Most certainly, I pardon you. And as to my name, here is my card, Mr. Dugan and Mr. Morris. I hope that I can be of service to you before you leave Christiania, and I am sure that I should enjoy the chance.”



MORNING EXERCISE

Red picked up the small, rectangular card, read it, and — felt as cheap as a one ore piece, which, as you will remember, is one-sixth of a cent. Here is what he read:

COUNT OLAV VARETSEN,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The routine on board a navy vessel in port is naturally not as exacting as at sea. Except those who are actually on watch, the men have the afternoons almost entirely at their disposal. The following list gives an idea of what is done, but it must be remembered that specific tasks are cared for by different sections which have, therefore, plenty of spare time:

- A. M. 4:00 Call ship's cooks of the watch.
4:30 Fires started in running steamer.
4:45 Call masters-at-arms, boatswain's mates, buglers and hammock stowers.
5:00 Reveille. Call all hands.
5:15 Masters-at-arms report decks clear of hammocks.
5:20 Pipe sweepers and sweep down decks.
5:30 Turn to. Out smoking lamp. Stow ditty boxes. Clear lower decks. Scrub clothes.
6:00 Knock off scrubbing and trice up clotheslines. Hoist ash.
7:00 Up all hammocks. All men turn out.
7:15 Mess gear. Mess attendants get knives, forks, etc.
8:00 Colors.
8:15 Turn to.
8:30 Sick call.
9:10 Officers' call. Divisions fall in for muster.
9:15 Quarters for inspection and muster. Physical drill.
11:30 Retreat from drill. (Instruction for Midshipmen.)
M. 12:00 Dinner.

- P. M. 12:00 1:00 Band concert.
1:00 Turn to. Pipe down wash clothes, if dry.
1:30 Drill call.
2:30 Retreat from drill (Instruction for Midshipmen.)
4:00 Knock off work.
6:00 Supper.
7:30 Hammocks.
9:00 Tattoo. Pipe down. Silence. Set the first anchor watch. This doesn't mean an Ingersoll, Alger-non.
9:05 Taps.

All midshipmen were obliged to attend school from 1:00 p. m. until 2:30 before going on liberty. Three sections out of four were given permission to go ashore. Liberty was up on the dock for the third class at 10 o'clock, the second class, at 10:30, and the first class, at 11:00, except on Saturdays and Sundays, when it was extended one hour for all classes.

The second squad was notified, on Saturday afternoon, the day after the arrival, to report to Mr. Wilson for instruction in navigation. In order to get the position of the ship in the middle of the ocean, it is necessary that the time be known with great accuracy. Whenever possible, the ship's chronometer, or timekeeper, is corrected by comparison with a standard ashore either by wireless signal or by visual means. It was possible, in the harbor of Christiania, to adopt the latter method, for there was a time ball suspended from the spire on the observatory. The time when this ball dropped was observed on the ship's chronometer, and the difference between the correct time and the reading gave the error. Red found the study of navigation to be very interesting. He was enabled to get a clearer conception of the earth and its motion in relation to the heavenly bodies. For the first time, he realized that he was, in reality, living on a huge gyroscope whirling through space, and he began to apply the principles he had learned in connection with the gyro compass to the earth itself. The same laws, he discovered to his own satisfaction, were applicable in both cases,

A new principle for the education of the intelligence began to take shape in his mind. He saw at last that it is only by mastering the more complex by a comparison with simple truths, and then by using this complex truth, now familiar, to go on and explain still more difficult propositions, that the intelligence can be strengthened. Thus, navigation helped Red by showing him the means to obtain a general education. But it did more than this. It helped also to cultivate in him that attention to detail that promotes accuracy and clearness. A navigator must know the position of his ship within three or four miles in order to be reasonably safe. If he ever adds two and two and gets five, or trusts to luck, he will sooner or later run his ship up on land. Red began to long for the time when he himself might take a ship from her berth and guide her across the waters of the ocean into foreign ports.

When five bells struck, school was dismissed and the liberty party prepared to go ashore. Red Dugan was obliged to remain on board ship, because he happened to be on the duty section. But he was quickly consoled when he saw the motor sailer bringing back a cargo of visitors. He stationed himself near the gangplank and waited until he saw two pretty Norwegian girls come aboard. He showed a great deal of taste in his selection and lost no time in "staking a claim" against the crowd of volunteer guides around him.

"Are you looking for someone to take you about the ship? Can you speak English?"

The girl wearing a middy blouse smiled and replied: "A leetle, I spik it. Yes, we would like a guide. Can you show us the sheep?"

"Oh, boy, but can't I! Stand aside, Flaherty, and lemme through. Right this way, Miss — er — beg your pardon, but what's your name?"

"Miss Hjordis, and my friend's name ees Miss Laenge. You are —"

"James Philip Albert Dugan, popularly known as Red. Now, you just follow me. First, I want to show you the galley — that is, the kitchen, where the food is cooked for our meals. I am well acquainted with the galley; in faet, I go up to inspect it every day.

There it is, hidden behind those tin pans. You see how clean it is? Always that way, because the men eat so much that it's always cleaned out. Will you taste a piece of pumpkin pie?"

"A piece of — what did you say?"

"Pie. Do you mean to tell me you never heard of pie? Say, but you sure are unlucky. Try a slice of this."

Red gave each of the girls a big helping, politely waiting on himself last, perhaps in order to secure the entire remainder. The visitors were greatly interested and asserted that they liked the pie very much. Pie is practically unknown in Norway; even the largest hotels fail to include it in the menu.

The party visited all parts of the ship and Red patiently explained the why and the wherefore of all the machinery they saw. The girls appreciated his attention and when they were at last obliged to lay off and take the last boat ashore for visitors, at five o'clock, they invited him to a dinner party at Dronningen. Red lost no time in accepting, and, in return, requested the pleasure of their company at a dance to be given on the quarterdeck of the South Carolina the next Friday evening. Both the girls were eager to come. When his guests disappeared in the motor sailer, Red leaned on the life-line, slowly smoked a cigarette, and mused over the incidents of the afternoon. He went below, feeling contented, even though he did not go ashore that day.

Of course, he was in the first liberty boat that shoved off from the ship the next afternoon. When he disembarked, he noticed a peculiar trait of the Norwegians — that of child-like curiosity. They were standing in great numbers about the dock, staring at the marines, sailors, midshipmen and officers. There were no negroes in Christiania before the arrival of the fleet, and so quite a few of the credulous were willing to believe the "møkēs" when the latter claimed they were American Indians. The Christianians also believed the Philippinos were Japanese, and expressed wonder that the Americans, who were thought to be on unfriendly terms with the little yellow men, should allow them to enter the Navy. This, perhaps, explains why there was always a crowd congregated around the docks; the policemen had to open a gangway for the

liberty party, on account of the great number of onlookers. A Socialist newspaper — Bolshevik — claimed that these people had come down to see the “Drunken Americans fall into the boats to go back to their ships.” This remark was probably prompted by the desire to be thought radical and patriotic. The conduct of our men was, on the whole, excellent and when they at last shoved off for Lisbon, the Northlanders were sorry to see them depart.

Red and Frank joined each other on the dock and both went on to the place of meeting, in front of the Grand Hotel. The two girls were waiting, for a wonder. Red gave an exclamation of surprise and pleasure when he saw them; even Frank, although he could not forget the O. A. O. back home, was forced to admit that the two were “Queens.” Why attempt to describe how pretty they were! Let the reader use his imagination.

A long afternoon was before them, so they decided to go to Bygdö and enjoy a long walk through the delightful countryside. They took a small ferry at Framnaes, the place for debarkation from the ships, and went on to Dromningen, where the Royal Yacht Club had its headquarters.

Bygdö is a very pretty natural park, and Christiania is indeed fortunate in possessing such a place so near the city. Many boys and girls were on an outing that afternoon, and, when they saw the midshipmen, they also stopped to stare. Red spoke to one young fellow, who knew a little English and asked him: “Would you mind telling me something? It has been a mystery to me all along. If you can clear it up, I’ll soon spoon on you for sure.”

“What do you weesh to know?”

“Why do the people here breathe through their mouths?”

Red waited. A deep silence followed. One could almost see that question work into the boy’s brain, its insidious tentacles curl about his wits and slowly stifle his reason. His face assumed at first a curious expression that rapidly wilted away into a look of blank astonishment. When Red and his friends went away, he was still standing in the middle of the road, his head bent forward in thought, struggling with that devilish question.

Bygdö is full of historic interest. At the Royal Manor, where King Haakon and Queen Maud have their summer residence, the last king of the old Norwegian line held his court six hundred years ago. Many memorials of later Norwegian history are scattered about in the forest. King Oscar used to dwell at the *Villa Victoria* during the last years of his connection with Norway; he used to sit by the shore on bright summer evenings and watch, across huge mugs of frothing Norwegian beer, the red disc of the sun descend behind the Asker Hills.

The girls led Frank and his companion to the Folk Museum at Bygdö, where there is a highly interesting collection of ancient houses, clothes, furniture, and other articles illustrating the life and habits of the people of Norway during past ages. The rooms were made up to represent the interior of the old shacks that the Northmen used to frequent. One chamber contained a very interesting relic; it was a flat piece of wood, smoothed on the surface, and with the mysterious title "Til Trygvansoiden" painted in red, straggling letters upon it. The discoverer, Hans Schnedermann, swore that the Vikings maintained a ferry service between the peninsula and the mainland, and that this sign was hung on the bow of the boat. Several eminent scientists have expressed their opinion on the subject and have spoken to Herr Schnedermann personally. They found him to be an honest, upright sailor, fairly sober when he is not totally under the influence of liquor, hence they decided there was no reason for disbelieving his statement.

The next place of interest in Bygdö was Oscarshol. It is a charming castle on a hillside, overlooking the fjord. It was constructed by Oscar I, from designs by the famous architect Nebelong on the king's money bags, about the year 1850. The main building comprises three stories and a battlement tower, from which one can obtain a lovely view of the fjord. Near the shore is a dwelling house for servants. The present king has had great difficulty in keeping this latter place from becoming a rendezvous for policemen, but he solved the problem by employing men servants exclusively. This pretty little castle contains a number of precious works of art; Michelson's zinc castings of ancient Norwegian kings,

a freeze with medallions by Borch, Gude's paintings of Sogne J. Fjord, landscapes by Friele, and perhaps most famous of all Tildemand's cycle of scenes from Norway's present life — the last two in the dining hall. Red requested to be allowed to see the skeletons in the closet, whereupon the waiter led him behind a Japanese screen and offered him a glass of Haig & Haig.

Oscarshal originally belonged to the House of Bernadotte, but in 1863 was transferred to the Norwegian state by Karl XV for the sum of £16,000. A great timber exporter, Bernt Aker, who owned 102 sawmills and 200 match factories, distinguished himself by his great benevolence; among other things, he had presented his fine residence, the Palaet, to the royal family. The king, seeing a chance for a good business deal, sold the Palaet and bought Oscarshal. Bernt Aker was somewhat put out by this, but he promptly raised the price of his safety matches two ores per box.

The castle of Oscarshal, from the fjord, resembles a gleaming white pearl set in the midst of an emerald field. (This is not copied from Cook's pamphlets of Baedeker's Guide to Europe; should the reader stop over in Christiania, he can verify the truth of this statement.)

Our party then decided to go down to Dronningen for dinner, as they had planned, where there is a most popular restaurant. They crossed a board walk bridge, near which were moored a great number of the sail boats Red admired so much. On the way over, they stopped for a moment and watched a yacht owner swab down the deck of his craft with a mop. Red shuddered at the familiar sight and urged his companions to pass on.

It is an interesting fact that the people of Norway like fish much more than meat. It is, however, to be expected, for fishing constitutes one of the main industries of that country. In winter, when it is too cold to fish, they eat meat. When Red asked his fair friend which she would have, she replied without the slightest hesitation: "Fiske!" Red was in favor of the other, but he complied with her wishes, and ordered a can of sardines. Soon the conversation became animated. An orchestra began playing softly in the distance. It was so good to sit there and rest, to contemplate

the open waters of the fjord with its gay burden of sailing clippers, to allow dull care to slip away, and drink in the beauty of the hour, that Red completely forgot the ship and his next morning's work.

"Ah, kjaereste," he said to the girl opposite him, "how I should like to remain here and see more of this delightful country! Do you know, I asked, one day, if there was a chance to form an organized sightseeing trip to Bergen. Mr. Bawdy replied that it was the wrong season of the year. Mr. Bawdy? Oh, he is the wearer of the aiguillettes, he is a very wise man. He told us that the impression we made upon these European countries would remain long after we are gone. I think we have all decided to leave the right impression, so that, in years to come, there will be a link between these nations and our own country, a bond of friendship that will be hard to break."

The girl's blue eyes smiled into his own, and he knew that he, at least, had found another friend to add to his list. He mentally resolved to make a fresh addition to his address index file. Some people delight in making a collection of old stamps, coins, antiques, pottery, and breaths, but Red's favorite amusement was keeping a card index file of correspondents and he used every means in his power to add one or more names in each port.

Frank called him at last and notified him that it was high time to get back to the ship. They said good night to the two girls and ran down to the dock just in time to catch the last ferry boat back to Framnaes. Thus ended one more pleasant afternoon of the two weeks spent in Norway.

The next expedition of our two friends was arranged so as to include a trip to the old castle of Arkershus. Almost the first building the traveler sees when his ship drops the anchor in the harbor of Christiania is Akershus, since it is situated on a precipitous rock overlooking the harbor and the fjord. All sorts of guesses were made by the Americans as to the nature of this castle; some believed it to be the remnants of a monastery that was erected there before the Protestants dropped in on the Northmen, others claimed it was a fort to be used for the protection of the city, a few midshipmen asserted that it was the Norwegian West Point, and some even had the temerity to call it a brewery.



BLACK HORSE SQUARE

Three hundred years ago, before the city itself was founded, when Oslo on the other side of Bjorviken was still the capital of Norway, the first building on the site known to history was erected. The last male member of the Harald dynasty, Haakon V, decided that his little town needed adequate defence against the influx of Jewish pawnbrokers, so he built a medieval fort with an outer and an inner court-yards, fortified barbicans — each with its porteuillis and other defenses — and a great main tower, “Vaagehalsen” (literally, bird roost) on the summit of the hill separating the outer from the inner court. An assault was made on the place about the year 1300, the enemy was repulsed without great difficulty, but the place was ruined as far as habitation was concerned.

When gunpowder was introduced into Norway, the change in the method of warfare influenced the construction of the fortifications. The medieval character of the castle disappeared and by degrees was supplanted by earth works. Lofty towers became rather good targets, so the Vaagehalsen was allowed to fall into ruins.

The ancient fortress has stood there on the promontory for many a long year keeping guard over the city and defending it from its enemies. The fortress was never captured throughout a long period of petty struggles commenced with an assault in 1304 and concluded by the repulse of Karl XII (né Isaac Abrisen) in 1718. Its services are now at an end, and just as the old fortress used to watch over the people in earlier times, so are the latter determined to restore the fortress to a condition worthy of its historic past; even down to the deserted pigeon's nest in the left hand corner of gate No. 3.

There was an athletic meet in which the three countries of Norway, Denmark and Sweden were represented by their respective champions. The colleges participating invited the Americans to enter the contest as a single college, the championship to go to the team having the most numbers at the close of the contest.

Midshipman Hogan was general manager, under Lieut. Comdr. Cochran of the South C., and selected men who gave Scandinavians quite a surprise. In the international track meet, Eddy Curtis won first place in the 400 and 800 meter races, approaching the Scandinavian record by two-fifths of a second, thereby winning the privil-

age of having his name inscribed on a large silver cup, which, to be kept, must be won three successive years by the same person or college. Clapp won the discus throw, with fifteen feet to spare on his nearest opponent. McLane won second at the polevault. Pullen and Opie were second in the high jump, and Lient. Comdr. LeBourgeois pulled down third in the hammer heaving contest.

Sunday evening, a midshipman scratch crew, composed of Drexler, Higgins, Leavitt, Browning, Moss, Howland, Kembal, stroke, and Guinn, coxswain, rowed the practised Christiania crew and beat them easily. They upheld the Navy traditions on the water, and the boys were proud of their achievement, as, indeed, they were at the final outcome — Navy first, both individually and collectively.

The mids had bad luck at soccer, for they were trimmed 10-0. The Norse play soccer as much as Americans do baseball, and are experts in wielding a wicked foot. This defeat, however, was swallowed up in Navy's ultimate victory.

On Monday morning, Red and Frank received neat little envelopes postmarked Christiania and dated the day before. The letters contained an invitation from the British Embassy to attend a ball given there in honor of Queen Maud, and also a little note from the Minister of Foreign Affairs H. Varesen, who was influential in securing for them this privilege.

The Queen's favorite dancer, who was a lawyer during his spare time, had been present at the Grand Hotel on the 4th of July and had heard the midshipman Jazz Band playing in the Palm Garden on this occasion. The lawyer, Hen Skoff, was highly pleased at the selections rendered by the Syncopation Sharks, and hurried away to tell the queen that he knew how to add novelty to a Royal Ball. The queen expressed the desire to Admiral Hughes that she would be greatly interested in hearing the midshipmen play and that it would be a pleasure for her if they could attend a ball at the British Embassy. No sooner said than done. Admiral Hughes requested the Jazz Band to conduct the music at the dance on Wednesday night. About twenty other midshipmen, excluding the band, were invited, and Red and Frank happened to be of the lucky number.

The boys disembarked at Framnaes, and were bundled into taxis, which were waiting to take them to the Legation. They were there

long before the scheduled time of 8 o'clock in the evening. At the top of the steps, a dignified-looking gentleman, in full evening dress, with ribbons and medals to spare, stood waiting. Monzingo thought he was the butler, and started to give him a ukulele case, but he was prevented by Joe Watters.

"You wooden headed goof. Watch your step. That's Lord Finlay, who is acting as host."

Monzingo: "O-o-o-o-o-h!"

Lord Finlay bowed, smiled, and said, in the peculiar British drawl: "This way, gentel-menn," and led them to the salon. Mrs. Gray secured the use of the British Legation, and she is to be greatly thanked for it was certainly a beautiful place. The edifice was surrounded by a pretty garden, lighted by a multitude of brilliant lamps. In every little sheltered garden spot, there was a tiny table, loaded with good things to eat and drink. An interested party counted, and no doubt sampled, twenty variety of cakes, ten shades of wine, four kinds of punch, and four kinds of ice cream. This, however, was only accessible during the intermissions.

The Jazz Band was stationed at one end of the ballroom. At ten o'clock, all talking ceased, the king and queen were entering. The gentlemen all bowed, the Navy men stood at attention, and the girls courtesied. The king was a tall, well built man; he spooned on the midshipmen and spoke excellent English. The queen was rather thin; her personality was centered in her eyes, which moved restlessly and burned with a never-ceasing fire..

The hours passed swiftly. Ordinarily, the ball is not concluded until the royal guests depart, but that evening, Pete Frost threw his drumsticks in the air for the six hundredth time, then informed the British Ambassador that the American squadron left at five o'clock in the morning. King Haakon and Queen Maud, therefore, left at four o'clock. The Jazz Band got back to the ships in the "nicotine," as Red remarked, just as the siren for hoisting anchor shrilled out over the fjord. The lower handling rooms were crowded until noon the next day with sleeping musicians, when they awoke, the coast of Norway was dropping astern in the hazy distance.

CHAPTER IV.

WITH THE SQUADRON IN LISBON.

“The scuttlebut popped at a hundred and three,
On the ice machine they made their tea,
The boiler walked off and jumped in the sea,
In the armored cruiser squadron.”

Red Dugan was humming this little ditty when he saw his friend, Frank Morris, start forward to get a drink. He chuckled. “Hi, there, Frank, d’you hear the dope?”

“No, what is it now?”

“The port scuttlebutt is on the bum. You couldn’t get any water out of it with a charge of blasting powder; anyway, the water wasn’t fit to drink—it was too hot. And the starboard scuttlebutt never has worked. You’re out of luck to-day. You might stick a straw out of a porthole and get a mouthful of the briny, but that’s hot, too.”

“Red, do you expect it to be as cool here as it was in Norway? If so, you’re on the wrong tack. The last time Lisbon had a snow-fall was in 1836. In summertime the maximum heat in July and August reaches 135° Fahrenheit. As a winter resort, this place is all right, for it is dry and cool; but as a summer resort—personally, I would prefer the fireroom on the South C. But all this doesn’t help me to get a drink.”

“Sh-h! If you’ll keep this a secret, I’ll take you where you can get some ice-cold lemonade.”

“Red, for a glass of ice-cold lemonade, I would even go as far as keeping one of your secrets.”

“Well, you know Caesar, don’t you? He’s got a stateroom back in the Warrant Officer’s country where there is running water from one of the reserve water tanks. He has a supply of lemons, some sugar, and I know where to get some ice. Follow me, maty, and I’ll lead you to the drinks.”

They went aft, past the compartment C-104 and crossed over to the starboard side. Red halted before a closed door, and gave two rapid knocks and a third knock after a second of waiting. The latch clicked and the door opened from the inside. A sleepy-eyed midshipman, wearing shell-rimmed glasses, peered vacantly at them.

“What’ll you have?”

“Aren’t you going to invite us in?” countered Red.

“Oh, sure, that’s understood. But look at this sign on the mirror, and Caesar pointed to a small card bearing this notice: *Lucky Bag Office*. Any information regarding the cruise will be appreciated. Please keep out during business hours except when doing Lucky Bag work.”

“We’re here on business. We want some lemonade, and you’ve got the makin’s. Bust ’em out, and let’s have a party,” Red replied, after a scrutiny of the card.

“You will be obliged to make it. I’m too busy.”

“What are you doin’ now?”

“Just translating a Norwegian letter. I received one just before we left, from a petite enfant, and I can’t make out whether she’s conferring a compliment or slinging a brick. Lock the door and make your lemonade.”

While the boys were cutting up the lemons, and training the electric fan on the pitcher of water, to enable the latter to cool by evaporation, they exchanged ideas as to what kind of a city Lisbon really is.

“I want to get a good look at the people!” Red exclaimed. They are the makers of a city — not the cathedrals, museums, theatres, and other buildings. For instance, I should like to get a close-up at the Spanish type of beauty —”

“Oh, pipe down, Red. Give us a rest. You’re always thinking about the girls. The people may *make* a city, but the buildings and edifices *are* the city. Of course, the people are interesting, but so are the structures they have built. Lisbon is a very old place. If legends are to be believed, it was founded by the Phoenicians. Its very name was derived from the Moorish *Lissabuna*, which in turn

came from the Phoenician *Alisubbo*, meaning a charming bay of the sea. And, being a very old place, it certainly will contain many places of historic interest and many beautiful buildings."

"Frank, you take the houses, and so forth, and I'll take the people. What d'you say?"

"No, I'll take both. So will you, when you get ashore."

At this moment, someone knocked loudly on the door, and shouted: "Topside, everybody, the Connecticut has turned left ninety degrees and we're headed for the mouth of the Tagus."

By this time, they had finished drinking and ran topside to the foc'sle.

The ships seemed to be heading directly towards the land, as if dooming themselves to pile up on the rocks. Small fishing vessels with peculiar triangular sails huddled close inshore. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, the sky was cloudless, and there was no breeze — not even from seaward.



PORTUGUESE FISHING CRAFT

Suddenly the broad mouth of the Tagus, or Rio Tejo, as the Portuguese call it, became visible. The usual light-houses at the entrance showed the channel way, and soon the ships were steaming between the banks. From the decks of the ships, the country seemed to be very bare, with the light brown soil sweeping away over the hills even to the horizon. Here and there, near the water's edge, several white walled houses and charming villas appeared in the midst of small clusters of trees.

A half hour before the ships anchored, the Michigan swung out the two forward boat cranes with motor sailers suspended from them. This called forth a remark from Red. "Those fellows must be in a hurry to get ashore. By the way, I rate liberty this afternoon, and

I think I'll take it. Here in Lisbon, we get liberty only on every other day, instead of three days out of four, as in Christiania. Look at that castle out there. I wonder what it is called. I'm going to go out there."

The Chaplain, Mr. Janeway, overheard Red and stopped. He was carrying a small, red leather-bound Baedeker guide book, and evidently had identified the castle.

"That is Belem Tower, which, as you see, is most prominent to ships entering the river. Don Manuel built it away back in 1495 to defend the city from attacks by pirates. I recommend it to your attention as being a very interesting place, and pretty, too. You will find that the most interesting places in Lisbon are out of it. At any rate, Baedeker hints that this is so."

"Thank you, chaplain. By the way, does Baedeker have anything to say about an up-to-date Monte Carlo? Now, Mr. Ickes has been here before and he told us —"

At this point Frank, being unobserved, kicked Red in the shins, and the latter, realizing he was making a *faux pas*, stopped short, Mr. Janeway smiled and replied: "Oh, certainly. There's the Baedeker if you wish to look at it. But you don't intend to lose your money, do you?"

"No, sir. But I should like to see one of these famous gambling resorts just for curiosity's sake."

"Curiosity is a bad guide, Mr. Dugan."

Contrary to expectations, the uniform for that first liberty was blue service. Red dressed as soon as possible, loaded his camera with a roll of films, and lay aft on the quarter-deck where the liberty party was falling in. The officer of the deck, Mr. Mullin, was walking back and forth, occasionally lifting his binoculars to take a look at the distant city. Suddenly he stopped and gave the eagerly expected command:

"Liberty party, left, face! Forward, march!"

The boys saluted the flag, which was hanging limply on the staff as if disgusted at this hot climate, as they went over the side.

"Mr. Doogan, is that a collar you're wearin'?" demanded the O. O. D.

“Yes, sir.”

“It looks like a cuff to me. Mr. Morris, have you got a white shirt on?”

“I have not, sir.”

“Then don’t take your blouse off in a hotel. Bear a hand and get in the boat. Hear this, midshipmen, liberty for the third and fourth classes is up at eight on the dock, for the second class, nine, and for the first class, ten o’clock in the evenin’. Cox’s’n, shove off.”

On the way to the dock, the party passed the Portuguese Navy, consisting of thirteen ships, some of which were converted German destroyers, others, gunboats, and the flagship, an armored cruiser. One destroyer had lines over the stern, which Red thought at first were for fishing purposes, but which he later discovered were tied to bottles of wine, cooling in the waters of the harbor.

The landing place was on the right-hand side of a huge open square, *Praca da Commercio*, or Black Horse Square. Red was obliged to double time with the others until he was clear of the dock, after which he slowed down to a walk. He took a long look at the surroundings and remarked, “Frank, d’you know, I wish we had come here first — then I would have appreciated Christiania more than this place.”

A small, brown-skinned boy, wearing tattered shirt and trousers, ran up and began jabbering and holding out his hand. His black eyes were fixed on Red Dugan’s camera, probably because he thought it was a purse. Then a little, barefoot girl attacked Frank Morris; she was very pretty, in spite of the dirt on her face. Her hair was long and black and fell over her shoulders in glossy waves; her eyes were full of fire, her lips, rounded and tender, her chin, full and dimpled. She was free from any shyness, but her manner was that of innocent youth. She was just a little flower in the midst of a pile of garbage. Frank could not resist a beggar like this, so he gave her an *escudo* — a piece of money worth about one bit in America. Immediately twenty small fry, who had caught sight of the coin, descended on the two midshipmen and confronted them with a wall of outstretched hands. An old, white-bearded,



AN OFF HOUR

decrepit beggar, with a sign suspended on his breast, advertising the fact that he was a licensed parasite, hobbled up and held out his *hat*. "This is the straw that broke the camel's back," murmured Frank. Red extracted a roll of two hundred Russian roubles, which had cost him thirty cents in Norway, and distributed bills right and left. He left a trail of worthless paper money from the dock to the Y. M. C. A. tent in one corner of Black Horse Square.

The Red Triangle is a familiar sight to the American sailor. In almost all the large ports of Europe and in every important port in North America, he is cheered by the sign of the Red Triangle, and directs his footsteps towards it for information and guidance. Anything that reminds him of home and bears with it a feeling of familiarity and friendship, is thrice welcome to him, especially when he is in a foreign country. The Y. M. C. A. was represented in Black Horse Square by a khaki tent, square with sidewalls. Almost the first person Frank Morris met was Jerry Olmsted, sitting in a camp chair, and endeavoring to chase away the oppressive heat with a glass of cold lemonade.

"Why, hello, Jerry; haven't seen you for a coon's age. How are you, anyway?"

"Just fine, Frank. But I've been getting fat since the cruise started — too much chow and too little work."

Nonsense, Jerry, you've been working harder than any of us, I'll bet any money. What do you think of our new port?"

"Looks like a wild place. Now, hear me, you'd better behave, Frank."

"Don't worry, Jerry, I will!"

Just as Frank turned to leave, he caught sight of another friend from the Kansas.

"If it isn't Tommy Burke! The wild Irishman himself. I thought I would never see you again after that supper in the Ekkeberg biergarten. Chief, how goes the world?"

"Sure, an' the same as ever. But, me boy, I have hopes that it will be goin' a trifle faster before this evening." Chief Burke smiled in his own inimitable fashion, adding that little quirk of the lips that always added a touch of good humor to anything he said.

“Not that I intend sampling too much of this Portuguese wine; I mean that I’m going to do a lot of sightseeing. Are you bound for any place in particular?”

“Yes, Belem Castle, and the Cathedral of San Jeronymo. Can’t you join us?”

“Glad to. Let’s start now.”

But before they traversed the Praca, they stopped to admire the huge bronze statue, from which the square takes its name. The great figure of King Jose I, who did so much to relieve the misery caused by the earthquake of 1755, clad in armor, with a plumed helmet on its head and a sword by its side, sits on a noble horse and looks out across the Tagus River, majestically ignoring the swarm of common people at its feet, and the curious travelers who stop for a moment, admire and wonder a little, then pass on and forget.

Red and his party passed on, but they kept with them a record that would prevent them from forgetting — a kodak picture. Time is necessarily a destroyer of memories; it is a dark road, along which our consciousness, a brilliant source of light, travels. Near the light, the road is illuminated, but it grows fainter and fainter as its beams shine back on the path over which it has wandered. The snapshot is a lens, which concentrates those wandering beams and sends them, in a blazing pencil, to make clear the scenes gone by. Life is recorded by it with far more accuracy and with far more pleasure to the observer, than by a monument of stone. Red did not go about taking pictures with wild abandon, but chose that subject which he thought was worthy of remembrance.

In the rear of the Praca, a great archway stretched above the Rua Augusta. Its beauty was in its massiveness, and its attraction in its simplicity. In its cool shadow, east over the cobblestone pavement, the children of the street played, the old women crouched against the pillars of stone and watched over their oranges and bananas, apples and pears, and a traveling pedlar, having wheeled his cart against the curbing, sold his cheap jewelry. Chief Burke halted and gazed for several minutes at the scene. Suddenly, a siren wailed and down the Rua Augusta dashed a luxurious limousine. The hood was polished till it shone like the surface of a pool

of black ink, the wheels were free from the least appearance of dust; the tires were white and new, and the motor hummed with the soft, purring sound that bespoke careful and skilled attention. The car was closed, and through the crystal panes, the half-drawn black velvet curtains, they saw, reclining in the rear seat, two high-caste Portuguese women, with white faces, carefully shielded from the sunlight, dark eyes, and proudly curved lips. The ragamuffins scattered right and left in the street like chaff before a whirlwind. Chief Burke stood still and watched the car as it went by.

"Boys, I can see now why there are so many revolutions in Lisbon. When these poor ants look up and see the rich shoot by in automobiles purchased with money squeezed from the pockets of the common people, when they see all the beautiful buildings erected by their sweat and painful toil, it's no wonder they break out periodically with rifles and stilettos and camp on the trail of the capitalists. If they would take this excess money and use it to improve the town and educate its inhabitants, it would be a great benefit."

A Portuguese who could speak a little English directed them to take a car marked "Dafundo" to reach Belem Castle. The ride lasted twenty minutes and led them through the waterfront section of Lis-



bon, past the stockyards, the fishmarket, and several parks.. As they went along, they noticed various women, *les femmes du peuple*, walking along the sidewalk, and balancing baskets or flat boards on their heads. Once they saw a Portuguese peasant, who had just come into the city, driving an ox hitched to a heavy cart with solid wooden wheels; it made a great deal of noise as it rumbled and clattered over the stony street.

The conductor stopped the car and put them off near their destination. They found themselves on a street corner facing a small park, in the center of which was a public water fountain. Streams of clear water poured, in a gentle arc, from the mouths of crouching lions. A little Portuguese girl was filling a large, brown, earthenware jug from one of the lions' heads. She wore a one-piece red dress made of coarse cloth, caught at the waist by a belt of folded blue cotton material. When she saw the Americans, she lifted the jug to her head and walked slowly over to where they were standing, stopped, and gazed open-eyed at the strangers. She did not lower her glance in the slightest when Red waved at her. After she had satisfied her curiosity, she turned and paced slowly down the street, still juggling her precious jar of water.

The boys followed her for several blocks, since she was going in the direction of the waterfront, where they hoped to find the castle. They walked through narrow streets of the waterfront section, lined on each side by dirty-walled houses, most of which were without window panes. Through every hole a native poked his head and stared at them. They hurried on, and soon reached a sandy road which wound through a barren field to the river's edge and the castle.

As they approached this latter, they noticed the details of its construction. The lower half was a square block-like building, with vertical walls of white limestone, dotted at intervals by deep-set holes for windows. The corners were cut off and at each bend in the wall so made, there were small, round sentry boxes, each covered at the top and surmounted by a small stone cross. The tower itself was on the landward side; it was also square, without, however, having the corners lopped off. It was about a hundred feet high,

with a flat top, from which a good view of the river could be obtained. The castle was surrounded by a moat, filled at some former time by water, and even to-day when the tide comes in. A gray uniformed soldier guarded the entrance, but he grounded his rifle on the approach of the party, and offered to conduct them — by signs, of course. He led them across an old, wooden drawbridge, which was hoisted and lowered by means of two heavy chains disappearing through small round holes above the arched portal, into a small chamber. This room was bare of furnishing, but in one corner there was a small, raised platform; it was easy to imagine a rack sitting over there in the corner, on which an unfortunate victim was being broken. Then the soldier guide took them down a dark, narrow stairway, under a low stone arch, and into a half-lighted dungeon. The sides of this dungeon were divided into stalls by blocks of stone, bearing iron rings to which the prisoners used to be chained. The broad stones of the pavement held also iron rings in the centers. The only light that entered this dismal place filtered through heavy gratings placed in an opening about a foot square in the ceiling of the dungeon. The guide admitted a little more sunlight by throwing open a wooden door in the back of one of the stalls. The aperture fronted the sea. The soldier, by gestures, indicated the operation of stabbing a doomed criminal, nicely wiping the blood from the imaginary sworn, and of throwing the body out this port, where the outgoing tide could wash it out to sea.

He then led the three up into the tower. One room was evidently intended for the commander; it was large, airy, and perhaps comfortable when furnished. There were two windows, of deeply stained glass, lending to that room the same dark, gloomy air that all the other chambers of this seemingly mysterious castle possessed. One pane of red glass threw a bright splotch of red light on the stones of the floor, and the observers, gripped by the surroundings and by the thought of the scenes of horror and cruelty that must have been enacted there, shuddered as they noted its striking similarity to a pool of blood. Just below this sanguine spot, a cross of bright sunlight, caused by an opening in the lower ledge of the window, glared in the semi-darkness. Chief Burke shivered, and

spoke in a low voice: "Boys, look at that. The sign of the cross, the emblem of mercy and justice, below that stain of fresh blood, the evidence of cruelty and force. In morals, there is a deep religious sense existing at the same time and separately, though side by side, with an instinct tending towards treachery and vice, among the lower classes. And here we see it with our eyes, plainer than words can say it — the cross, and the bloodstain. Let's get out of here and get some fresh air."

They went up on a winding stairway and came at last to the top of the square tower. To the right, as they faced the Tagus, they saw a modern fort, with its concrete bastions sheltering the rifles. The old style fort and the new style lay before their eyes. The stone walls of the castle were undoubtedly a strong defense against a crew of bloodthirsty



BELEM CASTLE

pirates back in the seventeenth century, but they would crumble like paper before the concentrated fire of a single modern battleship. To withstand the latter, the earthworks of the modern bastions are necessary. To the right, Frank, Red, and Burke looked down the

sandy bank of the Tagus, on which some fishing vessels had been hauled up to dry. Farther up the river they could see the five American battleships, like gray sea monsters, swinging deliberately with the current. They were proud of their ships at that moment, because those vessels stood for American, the best country in the world for them.

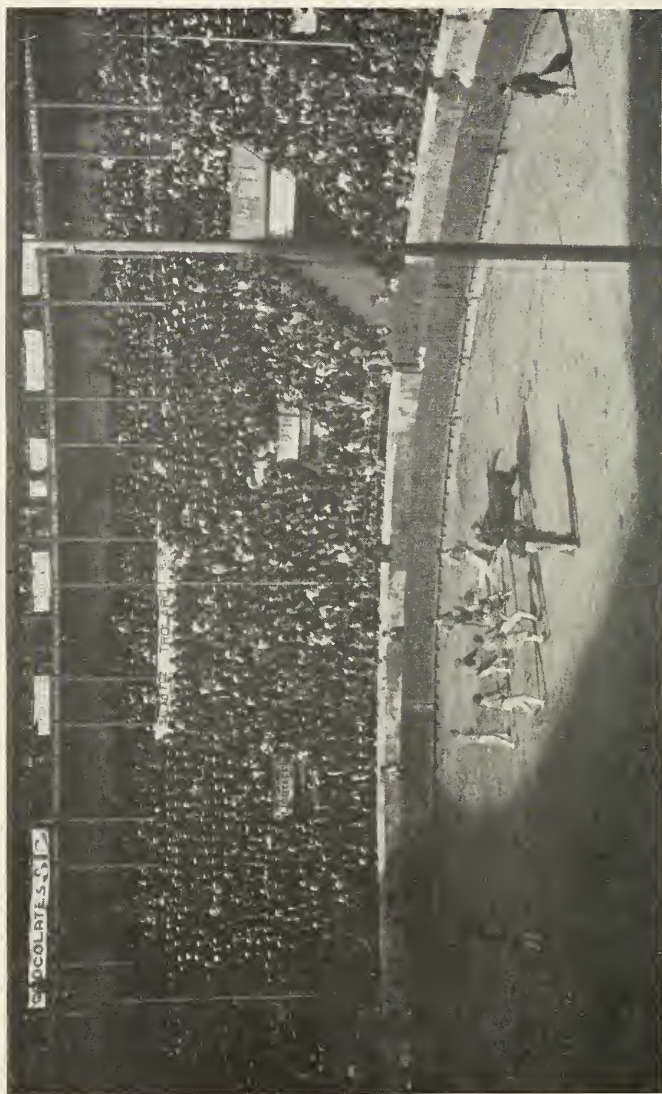
Of course, it is impossible for a traveler in Europe or any other foreign country to give an accurate description of the home life of the various peoples he encounters. He sees merely the exterior, and forms his opinions and passes his judgment thereby. There is, however, some degree of truth in the conclusions so reached, for just as the clothes are an indication of the character of a man, so are the conditions of a city a clew to the nature of the inhabitants. If, therefore, the reader disagrees with the author in the latter's judgment, he must remember that it is based on a superficial observation, and not upon a close study of the actual conditions.

Our friends turned their footsteps towards an old cathedral that the chaplain had recommended to them as being worthy of a visit. They returned by the same way to the street corner where they had left the car and walked three squares along the track towards the city, when they found themselves face to face with the edifice they were seeking.

The Cathedral of San Jeronimos is not very far from the Tower of Belem: in fact, it is often called Belem Cathedral, so the party decided to visit it before returning to the city. This cathedral has had a rather interesting history. Just before Vasco de Gama departed on his journey around Africa to India, he gathered his company of sailors and fighters in an old hermitage on the shores of the Tagus, where he prayed for the success of his venture. The king was present, and when the solemn rites were over, he arose and swore that if the voyage were successful, he would build a great cathedral on that very spot, and dedicate it to the virgin, in honor of his infant daughter. The men who were about to leave their home and friends were duly impressed by this solemn oath, as was intended, and pledged themselves to succeed or die in the attempt. Had they been up-to-date in other things beside their spirit of in-

itiative, they might have tied a cheesecloth banner with the motto "India or Bust" across the stern of their ships. The voyagers shoved off and for many years not a word was heard of them. Sentinels in Belem Tower watched day and night for their return. At last, a single ship was sighted, bearing up the river in the mists of the morning — a single ship out of all the proud vessels that had left for the Orient. The word spread like wildfire, and the anxious relatives of the seafarers flocked down to the dock, hoping their kin to be on board, and fearing that they might have been lost at sea. The town band was hastily assembled and hustled down to the dock; the Daughters of the Roman Occupation despatched huge baskets filled with sandwiches and bottles of cognac to the place of disembarkation, and even the monks, usually too inert to stir out of their monasteries, had placed the first year brothers in charge of the decks, while they turned out in a body to welcome Vasco home. The king was as good as his word and almost before the great navigator landed, he had his men at work on the foundations of the cathedral. When Vasco de Gama came ashore in a bum-boat, and told the king that his voyage had exceeded all expectations, and paraded a few select diamonds and pearls and oriental silks before the envious eyes of the courtiers, he could have had the town of Lisbon for the asking. The port watch on de Gama's ship rated liberty and they were treated as if they belonged to the nobility; they consumed so many sandwiches and drank so much wine that those who were not ill from indigestion were intoxicated. Altogether, it was a gay event. Such was the history of the cathedral of San Jeronymos.

As for the structure itself, the exterior was of modern style and to a passerby, might have been mistaken for a large cathedral in New York City. The main entrance was a great, arched doorway, surrounded by stone carvings of the most exquisite and dainty shapes, and closed by two immense, bronze doors. Red Dugan walked up the steps and halted a moment before attempting to enter. Then he pushed heavily on one of the doors and it swung slowly, silently, inward. The light of the sun, pent out before by these masses of metal, poured in before him and made on the marble floor a broad patch of brightness, beyond which lay a premature



THE BULLFIGHT

twilight. Red could hear the clatter of horses hooves on the cobblestoned street outside, the hoarse, singsong cries of fruit venders, the happy voices of children. But when he stepped, a little timidly, as if he were about to violate a sacred spot, across the threshold into the cathedral, the noise of the outside world grew faint and vanished. The interior was as silent as a tomb. When his eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, he could see before him huge pillars of stone that towered into the gloom above and almost vanished before sweeping out into the curved arches of the roof. The only light was that which poured in through the half-opened door behind him and the little that filtered through two tall, narrow, stained-glass windows, one to his left and the other to his right, near the portals he had just entered. The faint beams that softened the darkness to his left revealed, high up and far away, the slender pipes of an organ; that of the window to his right slanted down upon the steps of an altar which, though large, was so far away that it appeared tiny; and the reflection of the pool of sunlight at his feet lighted up with a pale gleam the pillars before another great doorway opposite. Red's companions now joined him and they were influenced by that same feeling of awe within this old cathedral and of their own littleness, so that they spoke no word to each other.

They advanced slowly until they were standing upon a large circle in the center of the marble floor, moving out of the sunlight into the shadow. Then they became aware of a sound that seemed to be born out of the silence, at first scarcely audible, but ever-rising in tone and volume, until they could distinguish the notes of an organ. It swelled on and pulsed into a flood of music that eddied and flowed about them; then, above the undertone of harmony arose lighter notes that played and rippled across it, just as small currents and whirlpools arise, dart hither and thither, and fade away on the surface of the deep waters of an onward flowing river. At last the high notes disappeared entirely, and in their place arose the voices of women singing some Latin hymn, clear and sweet against the music of the organ, like a thread of bright silver on a background of mellow gold. Sometimes the sound faded into almost nothing; then it mounted until its triumphant notes made the air quiver and

seemed even to shake the great, stone pillars. The three remained there until the last sound trembled and died away. They were the only strangers in the cathedral. An old woman was kneeling before the altar, holding her ragged, black shawl tight upon her head and mumbling prayers over her beads; she, perhaps, was too busily en-



CATHEDRAL OF SAN JERYNYMOS

gaged to appreciate the music, but an old, white-haired sexton noted with child-like satisfaction the effect it had on the Americans. He hobbled up to them, waved his hand towards the distant organ, and explained as well as he could that the choir was practising.

Chief Burke was a Catholic, so that when he arrived before the altar, he kneeled and made the sign of the cross. That won the sexton's heart immediately. Thereafter, he spoke only to Burke and for his benefit. When Burke asked him for a small wax candle from the altar, he went up to one of the golden candlesticks and blew the flame from a wax taper, which he gave to the Chief. Red asked, "Burke what on earth are you going to do with a souvenir of that nature?"

"Sure, sonny, an' I'm goin' to take it back with me to the little Sacred Heart Church in my home town an' give it to the father. He'll appreciate an object taken from the very altar in an ancient, historic cathedral in the far-away land of Portugal. The candle is old, but it will be prized for the story that goes with it and for its sacred character. Here, my friend, are a few escudos for the church."

The old sexton bowed and dropped the bill into a little box near the altar railing. Then he led them into an alcove to the left of the altar, outside the railing, where there was a casket half-buried in wreaths of flowers. A small placard explained that this was the casket of a president of Portugal, who had been brutally assassinated in December, 1914. Political feeling runs high in this little, southern country; the Royalists hate and will have nothing to do with the Republicans, and instead of blows, as in the case of a gentlemanly argument between two Irishmen, the differences in political belief are settled by a pistol or poniard. A foreigner inviting both factions to a supper will notice black looks being passed around instead of smiles, and soon the guests will offer some excuse and leave.

"When was the casket placed here?" asked Red.

"I do not know," the caretaker replied.

"When will it be taken away?"

"Nobody knows."

This haziness of knowledge seems to be characteristic of the lower classes of Portugal.

To the right of the altar, there was a similar alcove, bare, however, of any floral decorations. One of the two tombs that it con-

tained was made of a solid block of marble, with the image of a man on the top and a galleon in bas-relief on the side. "This," said the caretaker, "is the tomb of Vasco de Gama, who discovered a new route to India. The other tomb is that of Luiz de Camoes, the greatest Portuguese poet; he was unrecognized during his lifetime and died in abject poverty. But you must come now and see the cloisters, which were built in the XVth Century — very beautiful, very historic."

After traversing a short corridor, they stepped suddenly into the light in an open court, surrounded by arches and pillars of distinctly Moorish style of architecture, Burke turned to Red.

"Doogan, what do you think of it?"

"Chief, its pretty and it's interesting, but you know, I wouldn't want to scrub paintwork around here."

While they were in this part of the city, the three visited *Le Musee des Cochers*, an interesting exhibition of old coaches, used in former times by the nobility. The Latin races' love of show and bright colors was displayed there to its greatest extreme. One coach was a grand hash of light, red, blue, and green paint, silken robes and cushions, delicate carving, and jekelry. Of course, the real diamonds had been removed quite a while ago by some fellow in need of some spare change and glass imitations substituted. Red removed the silken cushions from the seat and discovered a hole in which a bucket was suspended. On being informed that this was to carry along a supply of drinking water, he told the guide that he thought at first it was the gasoline tank. A bystander, who of course, knew nothing of such matters, claimed they were both wrong.

By this time, evening was upon them, so they decided to return to the dock. When they again boarded a car bound towards Black Horse Square, Red looked at a small stencil in one end. "Built by Blank & Sons, Philadelphia, U. S. A." Red pointed this out to Frank and remarked: "It was well enough to see Fords in Christiania and Lisbon, but when I run up against street cars built in Philly, I feel more at home."

Frank and Red said good-bye to Chief Burke, who returned to the Kansas and passed out of our story, although we, who knew him,

still wish him the best of luck and success back in his home town. He has left the Navy, according to Red, to take unto himself *one* wife. That night the boys turned in and slept the sleep of the just — boys.

The chaplain organized a party to visit the little village of Cintra some distance out from the city of Lisbon, and guaranteed the cost not to exceed sixty escudos. The boys were overloaded with money, or at least they thought they were, for their pockets were stuffed with bills until they had hardly room for a handkerchief, so they placed their names on the list and awaited developments. They procured a small travel pamphlet entitled Portugal and read the description of Cintra—a description written by an adjective hound. It had been a long time since Red had been to a county fair in his little country town, but when he read this flowery account of the beauties of Cintra, he recalled an old bally-hoo for a snake show.

“Na-ooow step right this way, beautiful ladies and honorable gents. Only te-en cents, o-ne dime, a tenth of a dollah, and you have the inestimable privilege of viewing wid yer own eyes absolootly and positively the gr-reatest collection of horrible and slimy-r-reptiles that ever crawled troo th’ jungle. Immense, colossal, magnificent, ter-r-rifing snakes: poisonous, death-dealing, tr-reacherous reptiles!”

Well, the author of this description was of the same type of adjective user. He is an extract, with the superlatives underlined; “Seated high and picturesquely on a massive rock, it forms a fantastic township, the theme of the *immortal* poet who wrote Childe Harold. It seems as though Nature had favored this spot with *perpetual* spring; an *infinite* variety of colors, gentle murmuring zephyrs, in a word, *everything* that could contribute to the *supreme* harmony caused by the *fairest* of nature’s products —” and on and on through ten pages of striking analogies and superlative expressions. If Red hadn’t been ashore that first day, he might, after reading over this pamphlet, actually have thought that Portugal is the prettiest spot in Europe. Mr. Ickes and the chief printer on board the South C had visited Lisbon before and they claimed it was the dirtiest hole that they had ever seen. The chaplain stated that it

was the most beautiful city of Europe, and as it was his business to be veracious, Red believed him. But, in order to make the two correspond, he compromised by calling Lisbon "the most beautiful hole" on the continent. That is probably the briefest and most accurate description he could have adopted.

It was a very pleasant day for the trip. The party shoved off from the ship at 9:30 in the morning, and the swiftly flowing tide aided the engines in bringing the motor sailer quickly to the dock. The guide, furnished by Cook's Traveling Bureau, was waiting for them. He was a short, spry little man, energetic in his actions and quick in his speech; he attempted to speak so rapidly that the words lapped over each other and gave the impression that he was slightly "under the influence." His moustache was small, black, and pointed, and under the stress of his linguistic efforts, pointed on every course from zero to three sixty, except when he calmed it down by a twirling stroke of his thumb and index finger. From his language Red inferred that he must have been the writer of that little guide book to Cintra, but Marco Polo disclaimed any knowledge of its remarkable author. Whenever Red met a person with an unprounceable name, he promptly invented one to suit the occasion, and Marco Polo was the one he applied to the guide.

Marco led the boys down to the cars, pointing out to them on the way the important monuments and explaining their significance, all the while herding them together like a flock of sheep. It was well he did, for quite a few of them would drop behind to look into a store window or price a curio made in Hoboken, most likely, or gaze at some pretty Portuguese flower girl. At last he had them on the train and proceeded to earn his sixty escudos to his own satisfaction by pouring into the deaf ears of a few bored midshipmen an interminable story about how King This-or-That promised to build a cathedral provided his enemies were vanquished. Frank Morris found it interesting to watch the countryside as it passed in review before his window. Wide, open fields stretched over rolling hills, leaving the light-brown soil exposed to the sun. Every now and then the train would round a curve and the travelers would find themselves in a clump of trees.

Just behind Frank and Red were two pretty Spanish girls, as they learned later, escorted by a rather severe looking old lady wearing a black lace mantilla. Red turned his head and unguardedly spoke about their neighbors.

"I say, Frank, look at this girl on the right, the one with the laughing black eyes, and the lips with always a trace of a smile."

"Hush up, you block of ivory. Maybe these people can understand English. This old lady seems to be educated and refined. Please, Red, don't make a fool out of yourself when I am in your company. At least I wish to remain in the society of cultured people — you scare them all away."

"The devil! I haven't found a Portuguese yet that could speak our language. Anyway, they can hear you, too. Let's get acquainted: are you on? Now the little girl I told you of seems to be sociable, if only she weren't in the shade of that ice-berg —"

The old lady turned and folded back her mantilla. "Young man," she said, in the purest English, "please spare those remarks. Your metaphors may be true, but they are very crude. Your companion appears to have more of a sense of propriety — conduct yourself like him."

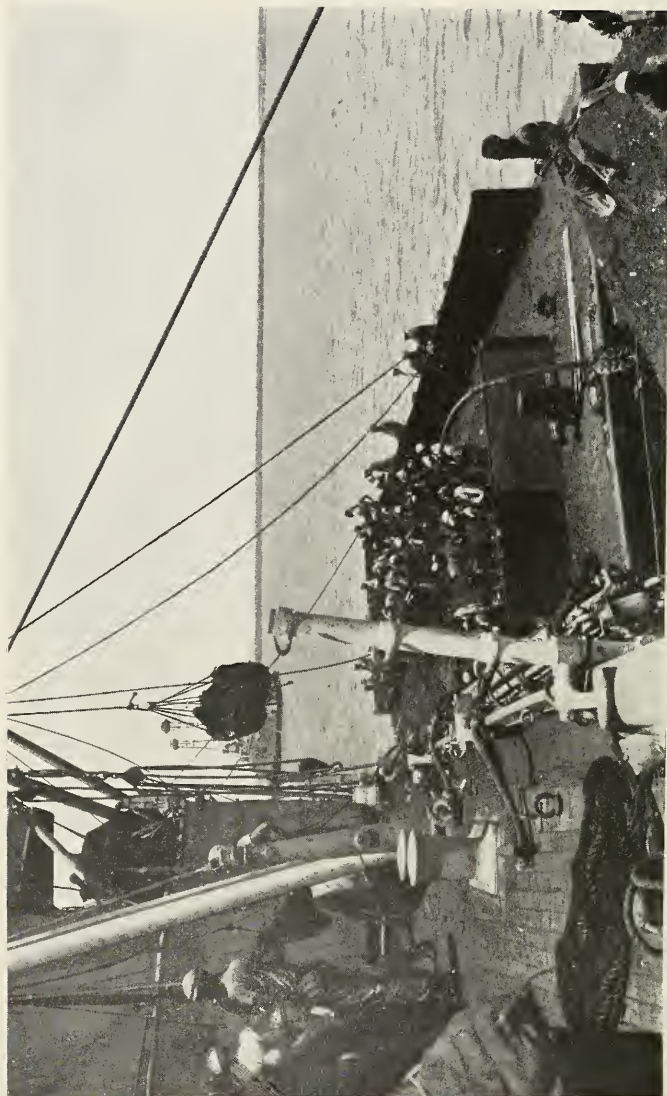
Frank hastened to apologize for his friend. "My dear Madam, I hope you will overlook this conceited animal by my side, and I wish to apologize for what he said, because I know he hasn't the intelligence to do it himself. He is not responsible for what he does — keep still, Red, it's true — but he was far from wishing to injure yourself or your two companions. Indeed, they are so pretty, that you, yourself, must agree with me when I say that he was involuntarily compelled to express his homage, although in a somewhat unpleasant form."

The old lady was quite mollified by this fine speech and became even gracious. Frank used his head and subtly flattered her and her two nieces, so that she even condescended to introduce the Americans to her wards. Red looked at Frank as if to say: "You win, old boy, pick 'em up! Brains is king." To Red's further discomfiture he learned that the girls could understand English, having studied it under an Irish governess. He found it very disconcert-

ing to have Nina quoting Tennyson, Browning and Shakespeare. She told him about the social customs of the Portuguese; that a woman always wore her wedding ring on her right hand, her husband wearing one, also. If the man doesn't wear one, too, it is a bad sign. The custom of wearing the ring on the left hand seems to be peculiar to the United States and England. Nina said they had to keep the Portuguese boys at a distance because they are too—romantic; they wish to get married too quickly. If a girl talks to a young man without the consent of her parents or governess and invites him to her home, people would say they are to be married to-morrow. The girls of Portugal have not very much chance in regard to matrimony, as the parents expect them to follow out the desires of their seniors.

Nina, Soria, and their aunt were going in the same direction and as it turned out, to the same destination as Red and Frank, so they offered to accompany the two Americans and explain to them the various places seen. Of course our friends were overjoyed at their good luck and immediately laid plans for escaping from their voluble guide. This was easy to do because of the confusion on the station platform during the first few minutes after the arrival.

Cintra was really a pretty place, in spite of the attempt by the author of the tourist pamphlet to ruin its reputation by describing it as a second Eden. When one sees a glowing account of the wonderful beauty of a place, it is a safe bet that the writer has tried to cover up its lack of interest and beauty by an extravagant use of words. Down in the valleys were groves of cork trees, pine, and elm. The small villas presented a pleasing contrast, their red-tilted roofs and pure white sides against the dark green of the trees. Crowning the heights of a mountain peak was the Pena Palace, built in Gothic and Arabesque style, formerly a royal residence, and, as they were to discover later, containing a labyrinth of vaults, drawbridges, towers, chapels, and cloisters. Near the Palace, on another peak, stood an ancient Moorish castle, its ruined walls and towers still testifying to the greatness and power of the followers of Mohammed, many centuries ago. Nina told Red about a legend which some old, foolish peasants still relate to their children.



COALING SHIP

"The Moors, as you know, or have probably read in your English novels, were a mysterious race of people. From a small tribe, they grew and grew into a great nation, reaching from Arabia to Spain and what is now Portugal in Europe. Because they were so powerful and because they were of a different religion, they were thought to have among them magicians, who were partly responsible for their successes. This very castle, at which you are now looking, has a strange history and queer stories are told about it, even to-day. At certain times during the year, when the hour of midnight approaches, the fallen and crumbled blocks of stone are restored and the dark-skinned builders are called back to life. The halls and corridors of the castle are lit up with torches, the jewels which are now hidden in the bowels of the earth, glitter on the rich dresses of the nobles — all is life, excitement, feverish activity, for the Moors know they have but a few hours to spend on the earth. The warrior dons his armor and buckles about him his shining scimitar, the lover wanders with his sweetheart in the garden, where the waters of the fountain once more break and scatter sparkling droplets in the moonlight, and the Moorish governor holds his court in the great hall of the castle, where the cobwebs have disappeared in favor of luxurious Oriental draperies. But to a few men only is this strange sight revealed. To the majority, the old castle is still the same as usual, silent, ruined, deserted, sleeping under the moon."

"How interesting!" said Frank, insincerely, because he knew that the same story, with variations, is related about every Moorish ruin in Southern Europe.

The boys spent all morning and afternoon wandering through the Palace, the castle, the Royal Castle, and the parks adjoining the villas at the foot of the mountain. When they returned to the ship that night, they were tired, as is usual after a long trip, but completely satisfied. Red opened his card index file, and wrote down another name: Nina Dancida A. Alvaredo Orlos Don Zegovia; Nina Dancida belonged to her, A. Alvaredo Orlos, to her mother, and Don Zegovia, to her father. Red wondered what would happen if the custom changed and the names of the grandmothers were added, also.

Friday morning Red and Frank received an invitation from their Portuguese friends to attend a bullfight, together with a small notice of the event intended for the Americans.

PRACA DE TOUROS————CAMPO PEQUENO
GRAND BULLFIGHT

Dedicated to the U. S. Fleet by the popular Portuguese bull-fighter Thomaz da Rocha. Sunday, 24th, at 6 p. m. The most notable Portuguese bullfighters will take part, including the famous and popular Josê Casimiro and the celebrated Spanish Torero Alcalareno.

LONG LIVE THE AMERICAN NAVY.

The following description is taken word for word from Red's diary.

"We entered the large brick building in which was the arena and seats open to the sky. Nina and her aunt took us up to a box seat where we could see it all. The arena was a very good building and showed that the people there attend in great numbers. I would estimate that six or seven thousand could be seated there and to-day the place was full. About one-third the audience was midshipmen, officers, and sailors.

The beginning was very pretty. The two caballeros entered; one was on a gray horse and the other on a dark chestnut colored one. They advanced, retreated, circled around in opposite directions, making the horses side-step. This they did very prettily and together. The horses were thoroughbreds and a pleasure to watch. Their high steps, fire and spirit were in evidence. After that a bull was let into the ring and the playing began. The man on the gray started; he put the banderillo into the bull when the latter charged. It certainly required wonderful horsemanship to get out of the way and yet get the sticker into the bull when the latter charged. He put four of them perfectly and then missed the fifth. He then withdrew and the playing on foot, with capes and stickers, began. After that, the other horseman played a bull. He was equally as skillful as the first. After a successful attempt, he would go around

and bow to the crowd and many would throw their hats at him. He always threw them back and the owner was thus greatly honored. The gobs soon got on to it and the fellow was kept busy throwing their hats back.

Next some hard looking birds came out and they pulled the daredevil stunts. Standing perfectly still, they would get the bull to charge, just shifting enough that they went between the bull's horns. The charge would lift them off their feet, but the fellow would put his arms around the bull's neck and hold on for dear life, then the others would tackle the bull and hold him to keep him from injuring the fighter. Sometimes the bull threw the fellows and ran over them, but it seems that the fighters were impervious to hoofs. One man did meet with an accident. When the bull charged, it suddenly swung its head and one horn caught the man in the side, throwing him about six feet in the air. He landed on his head and shoulders. He was not able to get up. They carried him off the field, with, I suppose, one or two broken ribs. The bull's horns were padded at the tip with leather coverings so they would not gore. That didn't stop the matadors from getting out of the way. When the bull got too close for comfort, the fighters hopped over a low wall into an outside alley. One man, with a busted nose, I call him Flat-nosed Pete, got in the way of el Toro and started to the rear, double time. Just as he got to the wall and began climbing, the bull hooked him from below and heaved him clear across the fence, but Pete was a tough customer, and didn't get hurt. There are no real matadors in Portugal, as it is against the law to kill the bulls in the arena — only in Spain, Panama, and Mexico do they do it. This fight we saw to-day was an excellent exhibition of skill. The ones that held the red cloth and not the red cape were very skillful. The idea is to get the bull going towards the cloth and stand with the feet in the same spot so that the bull will pass right under the arms. There was a small Spaniard there who was a wonder.

“The last bull the hard boys wrestled, they did a still more reckless stunt. They had tried it before, but failed. They tried it three times without succeeding and each of these times the man was

thrown high in the air by the bull, which walked over him, but it did not seem to faze him for he came back for more. The fourth time, he did it. He got the bull to charge, then turned his back so that the bull's horns passed on each side of his body. The shock of the collision lifted him high up, but he locked his arms backwards over the horns and held on tho the bull shook his head and tried to toss him off. The others tackled the bull and brought him to a standstill. When a bull was tired out, they turned in some tame bulls who surrounded him and took him out with them. The Spanish matador showed how the killing was done, but his sword was blunted at the tip. The midshipmen gave a couple of big hands for the bull. Nina enjoyed the fight as Betty would a baseball game. The President, Minister, Admiral Hughes, and captains of our ships were there."

The next afternoon, as Red was walking down the Avenida da Liberdade, one of the prettiest avenues in Lisbon, he met Caesar, loaded down with two cameras.

"Hello, Caesar, where you bound for? Better take your specs off so you can see what the town looks like."

"Don't pass any remarks about these glasses, Red; without them, I couldn't enjoy the sights. Come along, if you haven't anything in particular to do. I'm hunting a certain wine-shop on the Rua Concorde, where it is possible to obtain a first-rate steak cooked in the American style, with onions and gravy. On the way, I wish to purchase a few curios to take home for my friends. Have you any idea as to what would be suitable for the folks?"

"By George! You're right. I forgot my friends. I'll have to get them something myself. What would a cruise to Europe be worth without taking home something to remember it by. Now, quite a few got some of this mineral water, but I'm afraid the bottles will break, so I'll get something more lasting. Have you noticed that the majority of the women wear a small cross on a necklace? No? Well, you watch 'em and see. They are deeply religious on the surface, so to speak. Then there are French laces, poniards, perfumery, cards, books, souvenir handkerchiefs, and mantillas. Oh, you can spend your money, all right!"

"No doubt about that, Red; didn't you pay fifty dollars for a pair of Zeiss binoculars in Christiania?"

"Yeah, but that was a good investment. You would be obliged to pay a hundred for one like it in the States on account of the duty on such stuff."

The boys walked on until they reached the business section of the city, then kept their eyes open for a shop in which they might make a good purchase.

Caesar pointed to a small booth which was fairly near, and said: "We ought to be able to get something in there at a reasonable price. There seems to be everything from stick-pins to can-openers in the window. Let's try our luck."

The clerk was a young man with a moustache that was so new that it appeared to be a dirty spot under his nose. Red could not speak Spanish and the clerk did not understand French or English. At a loss for a means for expression, Red unconsciously fell back on English.

"I want perfume!"

A doubtful smile fluttered on the clerk's lips. He disappeared underneath the counter and a few seconds later emerged with a tennis racquet.

"No—no! Per-fume! Smell, see?" and Red waved his hand in front of the boys. Red took off his cap, in perplexity, and ran his fingers through his hair, perhaps for inspiration. The young man thought he had the right idea that time; he snapped his fingers, grinned, and pulled a bottle out of a drawer. Red took one look at it, and grasped Caesar by the arm. "It's Bay Rum. Come on, let's go where we can talk. Bon jour, Jaek. In other words, so long!"

They had better luck at the next shop. The proprietor spoke French and Caesar had no difficulty in making himself understood. They each selected a bottle of "Quelque Fleur," made in Paris. It had a very delicate odor, comparable to no other that can be imagined, yet very pleasing. Red Dugan placed his bottle in his hip pocket, to carry it back to the ship.

They soon found the wine shop Caesar had mentioned before and entered in search of food. They chose a small table for two in a quiet corner, somewhat shut off from the main floor. The waiter in full evening dress, with a white cloth over his arm, approached and bowed himself into a human question mark.

"Bring me a Chateau Briand steak and a bottle of light wine. Red, what'll you have?"

"The same, I suppose."

"Waiter, make it two."

"Very well, sir."

While they were eating, Caesar noticed a pretty Portuguese girl behind the cake counter. She seemed to be very curious and kept looking at him and several times she smiled at him.

At the end of the meal, Caesar caught her eye and motioned for her to come over. She did so.

"Parlez-vous francais?" he demanded.

"Oui, un peu, monsieur!" The rest of the conversation was in French, but is translated for the benefit of the reader.)

"What is your name?"

"Why do you wish to know my name. What is it to you?"

"But you were staring at our table all during dinner. You even smiled. What must I think!"

"Pardon, monsieur, but you looked so funny with those big glasses of yours—"

Red Dugan began laughing. But his laughter died away as quickly as a match flame in a strong wind. An expression of deep concern settled on his features and he began sniffing the air with great intentness.

"What's the matter, Red?"

"Caesar, I sat down on that 'Quelque Fleur' and broke the bottle in my trouser pocket."

Red wished to attend Catholic Church services on Sunday morning, so he put in a request to be allowed to accompany the church party when it moved off from the ship. The request was granted, and he was permitted to visit the Cathedral of the Star, Estrella. This is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in Lisbon, situated on

one of the high walls overlooking the city and the Tagus; it has a graceful dome, resembling that on the Chapel at the U. S. Naval Academy, although much larger. The party boarded a car near Black Horse Square, and rode through the narrow streets to the great square on which stood the Cathedral. They arrived a half hour before mass, so Red took advantage of this spare time by going to the top of the dome. He climbed a narrow flight of stairs, winding around like a corkscrew, until he came to the curve of the dome itself. He could look down at the gloomy interior of the church, at the altar, the statues, the benches, and the people, all so far away that it was like gazing at a toy show. After mounting a final flight of steps, he came out into the sunlight, near the base of the spire. A glorious panorama was before him: behind him lay the countryside; around, the city flaunted its bewildering display of color in the morning sunlight; before him, he saw the Tagus and the hills of the farther shore. He spent a few moments on the dome and then descended to take a look at the tombs of the Portuguese kings, who were preserved in alcohol, or some embalming fluid, in transparent cases.

There was a mummy reclining on a blue silk pillow in a glass case to the right of the main altar; it was dressed in rich garments and wore a golden crown. The face was that of a tired, sleeping boy. It was, of course, some saint, supposed to work miraculous cures on the sick and the afflicted. Those who were relieved, by the peculiar psychology of faith, hung small wax models of that portion of their body which had been affected, on the panel nearby, so that it was covered with arms, hands, legs, ears, breasts, and one or two whole figures.

The Holy Mass was very impressive, and was carried out with all the pomp and ceremony of the Church; the wax candles on the altar but feebly dispelled the gloom of the interior with their wavering flames; the priest, clad in beautiful, embroidered vestments, with a cross of gold upon the back, spoke his Latin slowly, as though repeating a lesson. For Red, it added a touch of irony to the scene when he thought how much more heavy was the cross which Christ bore upon his shoulders on the way to Calvary than was this gilt affair that the priest wore so lightly before the altar.

A few days later, the South Carolina coaled from the collier Proteus. Red was seized by the muse, and wrote the following attempt at a poem, on the bottomless bunker:

IN LISBON.

I.

'Twas Tuesday morning at four o'clock
When reveille busted on board our ship.
"Let go your hammocks and grab a sock!"
"Oh, jimmylegs, jimmylegs, please lemme be;
I never turned in till a late hour, you see,
For liberty was up at twelve on the dock
In Lisbon."

II.

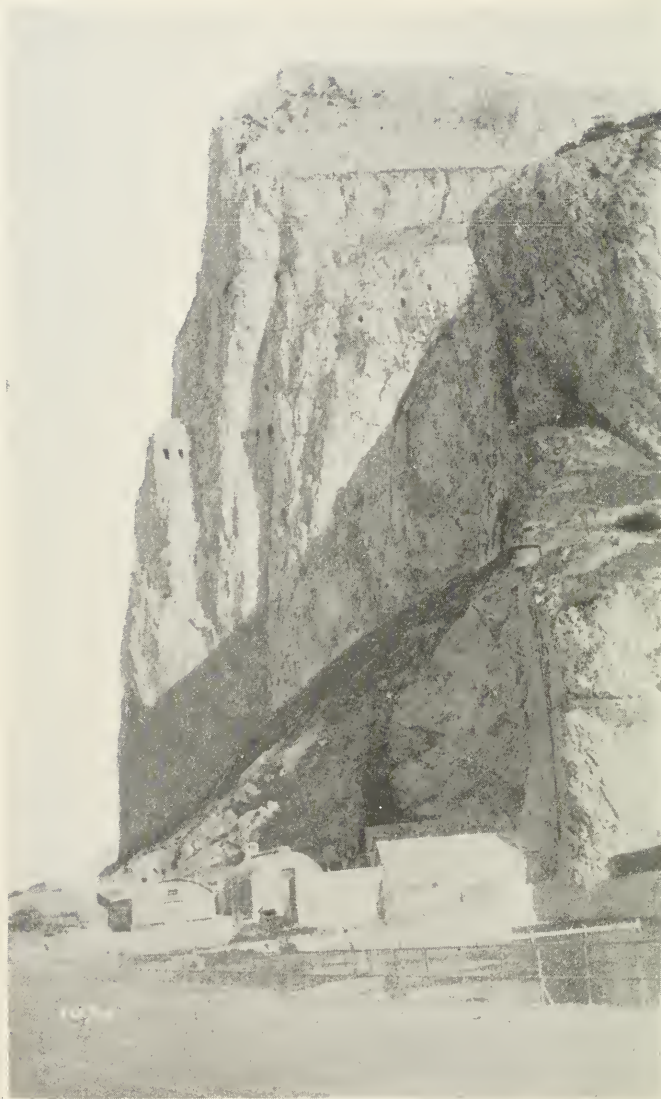
"To-day we coal, and don't you forget,
So show a leg quick, you politician's son—"
The tired gob rose with a sigh of regret;
He knew a hard day's work had begun
To last till far after the set of sun,
Which hadn't showed up in the east as yet
In Lisbon.

III.

The collier tied up, with a full cargo
Alongside the ship, its bunkers to fill,
And soon the coal began to flow.
The time, according to the bill,
Was twenty hours, or a little more still;
There was sixteen hundred tons to go,
In Lisbon.

IV.

Our hero turned to near the port hatch;
He worked all day on one coal chute,
And shoveled and shoveled to beat old Scratch,
With twenty others and a mess moke to boot.
The sun went down with that tired recruit
Still shoveling coal in that yawning hatch
In Lisbon.



THE ROCK

V.

When midnight came, he was ready to drop ;
All other bunkers were filled and sealed
As full as you please, clear up to the top,
But still he shoveled and cussed and squealed—
The order to coal, once given, is never repealed.
So on he worked and never stopped,
In Lisbon.

VI.

Then some bright swab spoke up and said :
“Let’s take a sounding, boys, what say ?”
And so they did, with a deep-sea lead,
And what they learned would turn you gray,
The line found a hole in the bunker’s bed—
They’d been shoveling coal in Lisbon Bay—
No kiddin’.

Red enjoyed very few liberties after the ship was coaled, because his escudos were rapidly dwindling away. He preferred showing visitors about the ship, as he had in Christiania, with especial attention to the fair sex. They were, however, always accompanied by a chaperon, so his card index file remained undisturbed in his strong box.

Thursday morning, when he went up on deck, the land was slowly sliding by on either side. He breathed a sigh of satisfaction, not because he disliked Lisbon, but because it meant so many more days nearer home.

CHAPTER V.

ADVENTURES IN GIBRALTAR AND TANGIER.

Red Dugan was obliged to stand a steaming watch in the engine-room in the morning from eight till twelve o'clock, but he was lucky enough to get topside in time to eat dinner and see the famous rock of Gibraltar lift its head above the horizon. For some hours, the squadron had been steaming between the continent of Africa on the one hand and the mainland of Europe on the other. The paymaster evidently had an attack of conscience, for he gave the crew an excellent dinner that day. Red, as usual, filched two helpings of peach pie from his neighbor, who was busily engaged in staring out the port at the land sliding past with slow but reassuring regularity.

Soon the bugler sounded quarters, for when the ship comes to anchor or is tied up in port, all the men must be at their proper station. Red belonged with a division below decks, but he slipped away and joined a squad on the foc'sle where he could obtain a good view of everything that occurred.

The South C, Kansas, and Minnesota tied up alongside dock B. Mr. Richards was on the foc'sle of the South C, telling the boys how to arrange the lines on the deck so as to be able to use them efficiently. The strain of delivering information and orders to a gang of men who worked by mob instinct rather than by the application of reason — which is known in ordinary language as horse-sense—was trying on his nerves.

A sidewheeler, the Royster, came close to the boys and nosed the ship in close to the dock where a crowd of British sailors, wearing the same style white-working clothes as the American gobs, except for the broad-brimmed, white cork helmets, watched the proceedings without the slightest trace of curiosity or excitement, and at times, aided the landing party to sling the hawsers over the bitts. An overseer, sporting an iron-gray moustache and a goatee, that resembled a miniature snowplow, directed the Britishers, who obeyed mechanically in a fashion very different from our own men,

who, although they grumble at times, do their work on the jump. A first-class machinist, Schirecliff, pointed to the overseer and remarked to Red: "See that fellow out there, with cit clothes! That's King George. I'm goin' to look up King George in town an' pay him my respects. W'y, 'owdy do, old top; bally well glad to meet you, huh!"

Red was surprised at the lack of the usual "dope" on liberty. Be it said here that navy "dope" is an exaggerated form of back-fence gossip; it starts from nowhere and is passed from mouth to mouth to all parts of the ship. It spreads like wildfire and is almost impossible to stop, once it is given an impetus by a few well-meaning but innocent victims. As an example, it was rumored in Lisbon that part of the first class was to be transferred to the Utah and sent to China station; according to "dope" the squadron was to meet H. M. S. Renown, the ship which carried the Prince of Wales around the world, in every port but Guantanamo. But that day, Red awaited the usual signs of underground activity in vain. The old reliable (unreliable) "dope" originator must have been in sick bay, for not the slightest whisper came to inform the midshipmen when they rated liberty.

The only recourse in such a case is to await and see what actually occurs, and this is what Red, willingly or otherwise, had to do. The next day, as it happened, he rated liberty. The motor sailer passed the other two ships of the squadron which were moored in the inner bay, before reaching the landing place. It did not take Red and Frank long to jump out of the boat and run up the ancient stairway to the dry land. They found themselves in a small railroad yard; to their left, they saw row on row of three-inch naval rifles, the muzzles closed by some sort of fibrous paste to prevent rusting, and to the right, a large storehouse, probably intended for the convenience of the merchant ships passing through the straits of Gibraltar.

A British sailor was standing near the guns, busily occupied in doing nothing. A sailor is a hard worker when he is driven to it, but when he is given a little spare time, he can do less real work in a given space of time than an Arab. If it were possible, he probably

would have somebody else breathe for him. The term "sailing?" came from his peculiar faculty of evading work. Red approached the Britisher and asked him how to get to the main street. The latter hesitated for five minutes, meditating over the question, and then answered very slowly, as if unwilling to move his jaws, that they should keep going straight ahead across the yards and go ut the gate, when they should easily find what they were looking for. Red had about as much difficulty in understanding king's English, as spoken by 'is Majesty's subject, as though it were Choctaw.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the streets were crowded with a motley crowd of English, Spanish, and Moors. The sight of a native driving a donkey before him, with repeated blows on its haunches with a light cane, gave Red an inspiration. He ran out and stopped the donkey driver, saying:

"Habla español?"

"Si, señor."

"Yeah, but I don't."

"I spik Ingleesh, too, señor."

"That's better. Say, d'you want to make ten shillings?"

"Si, señor."

"Well, I want to hire you and your donkey for a while this afternoon, say two hours. How about it?"

"I go — now?"

"Yes, now! And I want to get a couple of these Moors in night-shirts and slippers. You get 'em; I give you the money."

"Si, señor, at once."

Frank stayed with the donkey driver and rounded up two Moors who were willing to take time off to separate the Americans from a few shillings, while Red found a hat shop. After a little discussion with the keeper as to whether a dollar contained four shillings or five, he paid a pound for a white cork helmet, the kind which is always seen in pictures of tropical explorers and big game hunters.

The party set out for the outskirts of town and soon discovered a place which was wild enough to suit them. The field was strewn with large boulders which, together with the clumps of scrub growth and stretches of sand, gave it the appearance of a cross section of an

African jungle. The Spaniard stationed the donkey in the middle of this desolate spot, and the Moors took their places beside it. Red Dugan gave Frank the camera, donned the tropic helmet, and assumed a pose before this picturesque group. He was quite the typical explorer, with his cork hat at an angle on his head, his tanned skin — tanned from scrubbing down the decks on his ship, his white blouse with shiny brass buttons, his neatly creased white trousers, and white canvas shoes. He lit a cigarette in a holder about six inches long, took a long drag, and said:

“All right, Frank, shoot when you’re ready!”

When they had finished taking the pictures, Frank asked Red what was the object in taking such a snapshot.

“Well, Frank, it’s like this. When I return home in September, I can produce this wild and woolly picture and tell the folks that it was taken while I was on a short hunting trip in North America, near Tangiers. When they see it, they’ll think the camera can’t lie, and swallow the tale, hook, line, and sinker.”

“But,” objected Frank, “you will be an impostor. Why, you never saw a lion outside of a cage.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll tell them the truth after we’ve had a little fun over it. Let’s change the subject. What shall we do now?”

“I’ll tell you, there was a party left the ship when we did, bound for the galleries up on the rock. They were to meet a guide at Willis’ Gate, and proceed from there to near the top. We’re late, but we might as well take a chance on making the trip, too.”

They dismissed the Moors and the Spaniard with his donkey, after purchasing a couple of pounds of large, sweet, green grapes from the panniers with which the animal was loaded. For a few minutes, they ate grapes to quench their thirst, and watched the three men retrace their steps along the dusty road towards town. Then they began to climb. For a half hour they stumbled over sharp-pointed rocks in the path, half-choked with the powdery dust that rose in a cloud at every step, and mopped their wet foreheads with their handkerchiefs. The road led upwards at a very steep angle, and when they passed the upper wall of the town they despaired of finding Willis’ Gate. Frank thought they had missed it

somewhere below, but insisted on climbing, just to see how far they could go.

Still they climbed and sweated in the heat of the sun. They saw the city far below them, and could look out into the bay and across the strait to the misty coast of Africa. At last they came to a large iron-barred gate, with a sign tacked on it: "No admittance for a man not in uniform or without a pass from His Excellency, the Governor." They were about to turn back, when a guard appeared and asked them what they wanted.

"Oh, we were hunting for Willis' Gate, but we missed it on the way up," Red answered.

"No, this is Willis' Gate, and there are some of your friends higher up around that bend in the road. If you hurry, you can join them. But you will have to leave your camera here. No visitors are allowed to carry cameras into the fortifications of Gibraltar."

So they entered the gate and turned to the left up an incline steeper even than the one they had just climbed. The white dress shoes which went with the midshipmen's uniform were illy adapted to mountain climbing — or rather, Gibraltar climbing — and they made slow progress. At last, they arrived at a level spot in the road three-quarters of the way up the rock, turned another corner to the right, and found themselves in the midst of their friends. Pete Wiedorn, familiarly known as the Hun, because of his heavy build and remarkable facial resemblance to von Hindenburg, approached and demanded of Red: "Say, got anything to eat?"

Red gazed at him reproachfully. "Hun, I never heard you ask any other question. No, I haven't. Have *you* got anything to drink?"

"Not a drop. The water's locked up."

They forgot their thirst, however, when they stepped over to the edge of the cliff. They were on the edge of a sheer drop hundreds of feet to the level ground below. The broad face of the Rock of Gibraltar which is prominent in the advertisements of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, does not, as one would logically suppose, confront the traveler as he enters the straits from the Atlantic side, but overlooks the Mediterranean and the narrow neck of

land that connects the Rock with the mainland of Spain. Red looked over the side and suffered a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach as he thought of what he would look like at the bottom if his foot slipped.

To his right, he gazed out upon the broad Mediterranean, whose waters were so blue that the color almost merged into purple; the horizon was not visible because they were above the clouds, so that it seemed as if the lazy swells emerged from a bank of mist. The waves rolled in towards the land, became transparent about a mile offshore, so that the onlookers could see the bottom of the ocean, and at last curled up and broke in a smother of white foam on the sandy beach. To all appearances, there was an ideal bathing beach, but one of the English sergeants on duty said that there was too strong an undertow.

The mountains of Spain rose in the distance in front of them, with the long foothills at their base gradually sweeping out into a low plain. The town of La Linea (the Line) marked the edge of the Spanish territory; between it and the English tract lay a strip of bare ground entirely across the peninsula from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. Not a house, not a tree remained on this No Man's Land to form a possible cover for an enemy force attacking Gibraltar. All travelers had to use a single highway in going from one city to another across this neutral territory.

To their left, the midshipmen beheld the bay, enclosed by the sweeping curve of the shore. On the farther bank, which appeared strangely near, they saw the town of Algeciras. At their feet, Gibraltar clung tenaciously to the steep slopes of the Rock, and sent out moles and docks to form a sheltered harbor for the ships. There was a multitude of vessels below them, in addition to the American battleships. Frank counted three hundred and twenty. And they all appeared to be within a stone's throw, because of an optical illusion created by the altitude of the observers.

The whole scene was like a huge map, painted by a master artist with all the varied and beautiful colors of Nature herself.

A major, wearing on his shoulder straps two gilt crowns lined with red velvet, was explaining the arrangement of the guns so as

to enfilade a line of troops attacking across the Neutral Ground. He related in detail the story of the four year siege by the Spaniards; how the need for enfilading guns was felt, and how an ingenious engineer suggested the galleries dug in the face of the huge cliff. He divided the midshipmen into parties of fifteen each and placed each group under an English sergeant.

Red's party was guided by Sergeant Sam Baker, who had the keys to the gallery. They first inspected the cement emplacements on the first stage, containing mortars and 6 pounder rapid firers. Sam Baker was not inclined to be communicative, even though Red tried to bribe him with a package of Chesterfields.

After this preliminary trip, under the open sky, they climbed another stony path to the center of a bare patch of rock near the top, where the scrub growth had found no cracks in which to take root. Sam Baker walked ahead. Suddenly he disappeared. But he had only stepped behind a projecting ledge of rock into the mouth of a tunnel. The interior was as dark and cool as the pathway in the open had been light and hot. At intervals along the tunnel, which contained a cable for lighting purposes, they looked to the left into small chambers chipped out of the stone, with one or more round holes for windows. The muzzles of some old cannon, neglected and rusting in their carriages, and never used except to fire a salute, as on Armistice Day, were thrust out of these ports. The trip through the galleries occupied over two hours, and left most of the party very tired. Red, however, wanted to go on to the top, instead of back to town and asked the major if Sam Baker could conduct them to the summit, where there was the largest gun on the Rock, mounted on a revolving base. The major replied that the newer fortifications were not open to inspection by strangers, and that under no consideration were visitors allowed above the upper curtain.

Red Dugan was disappointed, but he retraced his steps with the rest of the party and eventually re-entered the city by the same route up which they had come. Then he deserted them all, even Frank, and took the Devil's Tower Road around the base of the cliff. Just before he reached the barracks facing Catalan Bay on

the Mediterranean side, he left the trail and started climbing. The first part of the ascent was easy, on account of the gradual slope up the talus. About half-way up, he met with an almost vertical ledge with barely a handhold. In this place he could not depend upon his feet to any great extent to take his weight, so he was forced to hang on with his fingers. At top of this stretch, a stream had worn a cup-shaped hollow in the edge, leaving a round bar of rock across the top of the cavity. If he could depend upon the bar to hold him, he was safe. He could not descend — it was a case of get to the top or drop off the face of the cliff to the foot, five or six hundred feet below. He tested it by pounding it, for he was fearful that the shale was loose; he had climbed Pike's Peak, but that was made of solid granite, where he was practically certain that when he grasped a projecting piece of rock, it would stay there. The shale, however, did not give way, so he pulled himself over the edge and lay full length on the ledge for a short rest. The remainder of the ascent was fairly difficult, but there was really more work than danger. When he reached the top, near Middle Hill, he was covered with dirt, his skin was scratched by the rocks, and his clothes were wringing wet.

The summit of Middle Hill contained a small depression in which were stationed concrete emplacements for 6" guns. The depression was a rectangle approximately 100 by 50 feet and arranged in two tiers of three each. There was not a single guard to stop Red from investigating every corner of the earthworks. Before the World War, four battalions of the Royal Artillery were stationed at Gibraltar, but then there was only one. He found no guns, but the most modern bases were installed; it was a question of only a few hours before the rifles could be put in place; there were ammunition hoists leading to magazines beneath the surface of the rock; one passageway led down to a large room used in peace times as a reading room and in time of war as a place of refuge, should the enemy get the range. He sat down in one of the easy chairs and, while he rested, read a copy of "Punch." After a while, he left Middle Hill and proceeded to the highest point, 1434 feet, on Gibraltar, where a 9.2-inch gun was mounted on a circular track. It could be trained

to an accuracy of 5 minutes and moved very freely. When it was on zero, it pointed towards Isabella's Chair, a small hill over in Spain. A pretty story is connected with this place; when the siege of Gibraltar began, Isabella sat on this hill with her maids of honor, and vowed that she would never move until the hated English were defeated. If she hasn't broken her vow, her spirit is probably hanging around it yet. When Red had finished playing with the gun, he struck down the path, scaring up a few rabbits, several pheasants, a covey of quail, and two red-tail foxes. He saw also several monkeys, which, till lately, had been protected by the soldiers. They increased so rapidly that the British were forced to shoot many of them. Finally, he arrived at the flat wall of rock that marks the face of Gibraltar. He inspected the ends of the wireless aerials, which stretched from the top three thousand feet down to the plain, but could not take a look at the sending and receiving apparatus, for it was protected by barbed wire entanglements.

At length he turned away and went back past Middle Hill to the Signal Station. He did not show himself until he saw that there was but one young soldier on guard duty. The guard was surprised when he saw Red and still more so when he learned that the American had climbed up the face of Gibraltar. He showed Red the signal cannon, the middle one being fired at eight o'clock in the evening as a warning that the Upper Curtain must be clear; they were originally taken from Nelson's flagship, the Victory, but were modernized by an arrangement permitting them to be fired by electricity. He also explained that the reason why there were no large guns on the Rock was that they were afraid the shale would crumble under the shock of firing.

When it grew dark, the guard told him how to get down without meeting too many sentries. Red followed instructions and climbed down near Charles' Wall. He was near the outskirts of the Lower Curtain when he heard someone call out: "Halt, or I fire!"

Naturally, Red stopped in his tracks.

A sentry came running up.

"Where is your pass?"

"Here it is," and Red held up his Academy ring. "I am from the United States ships in the harbor."

“My God, you scared me. I thought you were an escaped prisoner. We have fifteen convicted for serious crimes, in prison at the top. Go on, but don’t let anybody see you.”

“I sure won’t, mate.”

Red scrambled over the wall and hastened to lose himself in the town.

The next day, Red was obliged to stay aboard, as it was not his day for liberty, but he obtained permission to visit the Minnesota on business. The midshipman O. O. D. recognized him as soon as he crawled over the side, and informed him that the gang would be glad to see him. He went below to the office, which was a converted pantry, and conversed with Walker and Kastner. Some of the men had been to Tangier the day before and had brought back all manner of strange and useless curios. One man had picked up a long-barreled, flint-lock rifle with an inlaid stock; another had bought himself a complete Moorish costume — red fez, nightshirt, bedroom slippers and all; a third returned carrying a small table with inlaid woodwork. Volney Chase stood watches on a cigar about a foot long; he had been smoking it all morning, knocking off only for quarters. When Red started to leave, they insisted that he stay for dinner. He accepted, and was glad he did, for the cooks on the Minnie certainly knew their trade.

A special trip was arranged by the Commander of the Squadron for the midshipmen and crews of the American vessels to visit the picturesque city of Tangier, just thirty miles across the strait from Gibraltar. Eighty men were allowed, at one time from each ship, to make the trip, which meant that the old Moorish town was invaded each day by four hundred Americans. Red placed his name on the list the night before, and left the ship at 6:30 in the morning, arriving on the steamer Gibel-Sasar, which was to take them across, at 8:00 o’clock. The Gibel-Sasar was manned by a native crew and commanded by English officers; it was painted black, had two funnels, and could make about fifteen knots. The trip across and back cost just one pound, one shilling, and sixpence. Red, true to his inquisitive nature, began a tour of inspection as soon as he embarked, and made special efforts to discover the galley. He could see the

shining pots and pans through the open door, but could not enter, as the entrance was blocked by a Moor, sitting cross-legged on the threshold and contentedly smoking a long-stemmed pipe. This happened to be the cook, who was responsible for the execrable sandwiches and unspeakable coffee that was served on the way across. One would never guess that he was a cook by looking at his red fez, cocked sidewise on his close-cropped poll, his red, baggy trousers, and the usual slippers; this impression that he was not a culinary expert was confirmed on eating some of his creations. Red was about to speak to him when a gob turned up and demanded of the Moor:

“What’s that you’re smoking?”

The Moor glanced at him out of the corners of his eyes. “Hasheesh.”

“Dope, eh? Well, I got a cast-iron constitution and there ain’t any kind of smoke under the sun, except Granger Twist, that I can’t inhale and enjoy. Lemme take a pull.”

The cook obligingly allowed the gob to take several whiffs on the pipe. The effect was immediate and startling.. The gob was laid up for the rest of the day.

It was 10:30 when the party arrived in the harbor of Tangier, and the ship dropped anchor at 12 or 15 hundred meters from the city. Large rowboats, manned by half-clothed natives, black-skinned and bronze, crowded near the gangplank. Formerly, the sand beach did not permit the traveler to approach in the boats to the firm ground, but they were obliged to disembark on the shoulders of native porters, waist deep in the water. The Europeans, who were resident there, had a dock constructed, so that landings are now easy. The natives thanked them by nick-naming Tangier “the village of the dogs,” because foreigners lived in it. Nearly all the improvements, sanitary, lighting, roads, and otherwise, were a result of the work of these white “dogs.”

Red joined a party, among whom were Bill Davis, Henry Eccles, and Eddy Neily. They soon discovered the main street of Tangier, paved with small, irregular stones with a double slope towards the middle. This street leads from the “porte de la Marine”

to the porte de Fez" and to the square of the Market —Socco-El-Kebir. It presents a scene of life and activity; one had to be constantly on the lookout to keep from being tramped on by a donkey. The principal shops of the city are found along this street, shops without windows, resembling those of Tunis and Constantinople, with the keepers sitting cross-legged like tailors before them.

Tangier is a city of about twenty thousand inhabitants, threaded by narrow, tortuous streets. The houses were built without any attempt at alignment; one juts into and strangles the street, others are far back; many have an upper story which tries to shake hands with its neighbor across the way. The most noticeable characteristic about this city is its smell; to think of Tangier is to think of an indescribable, nauseous odor.

Our party dodged the beasts of burden and evaded the beggars as best they could until they had attained the Continental Hotel, where they could change their American money into pesetas. They decided it would be more interesting and flavor more of adventure to do without a native guide, so they left by a rear door and plunged into an alley-way. After they had wandered about for twenty minutes and had turned as many corners, they were forced to admit to themselves that they were lost.

The Moorish houses have no doors, but are screened from public view by heavy curtains drawn across the arched portals; some of the inhabitants are too poor for even these adjuncts to privacy, so that one may see the open courts and sometimes the fountains on the interior. It is said that when a Moor desires to be left alone, he leaves his slipper on the threshold; the fact is, if he left any slippers outside he would not keep them very long.

The boys were attracted by a confused sound of shouting issuing from one of the houses, so they entered just for luck. They found themselves in a Moorish school. The old, white-bearded master was beating time with a cane, while the pupils, sitting and crouching on the floor, were crying out verses as loud as they could. Apparently, the star pupil was he who could make the most noise. They suspended operations when they saw the curious foreign dogs looking at them, and the master asked, in a cracked voice, for alms for the

school. Red threw him a bill and retired in haste, for he saw those apparently harmless scholars preparing to descend on him in a body.

There were no shops containing typical Moorish goods, such as tapestries, rugs, and so on, for one must go to the Market on Thursday, when the out-of-town people come in to sell their stuffs. The shops were crowded with cheap jewelry that looked familiar to Red, and when he thought a bit, he called to mind a novelty factory in Newark. There is never a price list, so the trader looks first at the article to see how cheap it is, and then at you to see how much you will stand, before giving the price. The usual way is to divide the price in half, but if you are in no hurry, you can get it for a third—it's only a matter of time. These traders would think you are a fool if you gave them what they asked. Red saw one white man in the street, and inquired:

“How do the rates run, over here?”

“Why, they ask what they want, and you pay what you please!”

There was one custom that Red thought worth following in some cases in our own country; the women of Tangier hide their faces with a scarf drawn across just below the eyes, and he wondered whether a few in America could improve their looks that way, also.

At last Red and his friends were obliged to hire a guide, to prevent themselves from violating a mosque or invading the Sultan's palace by mistake. Mahomet Gazi suggested that they hire donkeys, and take a ride. The motion was seconded and carried out. It seemed a shame to sit on these mild-eyed donkeys, which were so small that one's feet would almost rattle over the paving stones on either side.

The guide was able to speak passable English and told them some rattling good stories of the days before there was a standing army. Then, there existed no permanent army, but when an insurrection occurred or a tribe refused to pay taxes, which often happened, the pasha was empowered by the Sultan to raise troops in the loyal tribes. These men were armed with rifles of all description, and officered by chiefs without military instruction, ignorant of all tactics, and even the simplest elements of strategy. The soldiers

had to equip themselves, clothe themselves, and feed themselves as best they could; they were supposed to receive about twenty cents a day, but the chiefs usually forgot when pay day was supposed to roll around, and let their men live by rapine and pillage. The men of the revolting tribe found safety only in flight; the women were distributed among the conquerers and led into slavery. The guide's father had been on one of these expeditions and had won two wives and enough loot to enable him to send his son to learn English and become a guide. He probably figured that a Moor could get more out of the rich, ignorant foreigners than by waiting for an uncertain revolt; besides, a regular army had come into existence, and with it conditions had changed.

Red asked the guide if it were possible to see one of the dancing girls of the Ouled Nail tribe; these people raise their daughters especially to become experts in dancing. Red was thinking of a vision of wild loveliness, the grace of a gazelle, fierce daughter of the desert, and so forth, when he said "dancing girl." The guide grinned, and replied that they were in luck — one of these dancers was entertaining a group of European tourists at the Hotel Cervantes. They made haste to get there in time, and, fortunately, succeeded. They sat cross-legged on mats arranged about the sides of a spacious room, in which the lights were dimmed, and a cloud of incense curled from a brazier on a tall pedestal — to produce atmosphere, probably. It was a disappointment. In the first place, the Ouled Nail looked as if she had put in her spare time milking camels — she was as ugly as sin. In the second place, she was too clumsy to dance — far below the standard imagined by Red, which was pretty high, anyway. Even the two European missionaries, who attended, spoke of her in disparaging terms. They soon left and reprimanded Mahomet for tricking them. He said that there were really excellent dancers in the interior, but that they hardly ever visited "dog-ville" (Tangier).

The party was passing through a narrow street about a hundred yards from a cliff overlooking the sea. On their left was a high, stone wall, beyond which could be seen a few scattered trees and several large, white buildings with red-tiled roofs. As they went

past a small, arched door, a native rushed out calling upon the guide to halt and starting an unintelligible conversation with him. Mahomet Gazi turned and bowed.

"You are favored by an invitation from a very great man, who, since the abdication of the Sultan, is most powerful Moor in Tangier."

"Tell him we'll be right in," replied Red.

They dismounted and entered the small gateway and found themselves in a sort of anteroom. From there, they went through two other doors and came out at last into a large open space; on the left was a garden; directly ahead, was a pretty summer house, overlooking the sea; to the right, a large building, evidently the home of the Moor. They entered the latter, by way of two terraces and were met at the door by several native servants, who bowed and escorted them into the main room. This was very spacious, with a ceiling of beautifully designed Moorish inlay. There was a striking contrast between the Oriental architecture and several large French mirrors. The floor was covered by a great rug blue with a white design. Arranged about the center were several large divans with delicately embroidered silken pillows. On the wall, and on a table, they remarked autographed pictures of some of Europe's most prominent men. As they came in, a large, middle-aged Moor rose and greeted them with the utmost courtesy and cordiality. He was dressed in flowing white robes and a turban, both of the finest texture. On his breast, he wore a star of the Order of the Bath. With the face of a big man, his features were yet clear cut and expressive of refinement, of culture, and withal of a sympathetic, understanding nature. The boys presented him with their cards, and he, in turn, sent one of his servants for his own. They read:

"El Hadj.

Sir Mehedi ben El Arbi El Menebbi."

Presently, another servant entered, bearing a silver tray with some very hot tea, and quite a few glasses. The tea was light in color, with a great deal of mint in it—a delicious drink. As a preliminary to an interesting conversation, some excellent English



IN TANGIERS

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cigarettes were passed around. A young Moorish boy, the son of the master of the house, understood English very well and helped his father over the difficult parts of the conversation. Reclining on one of the divans was a tall, thin man, with a serious face; at times he would speak in the native tongue to El Hadj. El Hadj was interested in military affairs, because of his influence on those of his own country, and for that reason, perhaps, he had determined to call in a few midshipmen, with what result we already know. They told him of the cruise, of their impressions of Tangier, at which he smiled, and of their course at the U. S. Naval Academy. Red Dugan stole a few glances at the photographs scattered around, some of which were group pictures of nobility, with El Hadj as one of those included. From time to time, he could see Moorish women, with covered faces, pass back and forth in an adjacent court. At last, Red expressed the thanks of the party for the courtesy which had been shown them, and rose to leave. El Hadj extended to them the invitation to return if, in the future, they should have occasion to revisit Tangier, and clasping each midshipman's extended hand in both of his, he bid them good-bye.

The guide, who had been waiting outside during all this time, conducted them to the quay, where they embarked in the small boats and returned to the *Gibel-Sasar*. It was late at night when they reached the ship at Gibraltar, and when they turned in, they slept like tops.

Some of the men took advantage of the opportunity of going across the bay to Algeciras, Spain. It was at this place that the famous Algeciras conference between the European Powers was held at the request of the Kaiser. The boys went over to see a real, honest-to-goodness bullfight, and perhaps, to see the hotel in which the Conference had been held. Red looked forward to the trip to Cuba, so he did not bother himself about a trip to Algeciras.

CHAPTER VI.

GUANTANAMO AND THE END OF THE CRUISE.

When the squadron left the coast of Africa, a cool northerly breeze swept down the ventilators and kept the men fresh and the fires bright. But after it passed the Canaries, off to starboard, the breeze died away and left the ships traveling along under a blazing sky. Red was stationed in the fireroom and could get a first-hand impression as to what the black gang had to endure. The men were bare to the waist, the sweat streamed down their skin, and the coal dust settled in black, shiny streaks on the exposed portions of their body. When the furnace doors were opened for firing, the heat rushed out of the blazing fires and scorched them; the drinking water was so hot that one gob suggested placing ground coffee in the bucket to flavor it.

One night, Red was on the mid-watch, when a boiler tube blew out in No. 6 boiler. There had been a leak and the watertender reported it as becoming worse. Suddenly, it split, and the water poured down on the fires, putting them out and generating clouds of steam. The blowers were hastily started to keep the steam out of the fireroom. The firemen and coal passers made a break for the dead fireroom, but Butch Taylor, the chief on watch, ordered them, in no uncertain terms, to get back on the fires.

“You damn cowards, get back on your fires. Haven’t you ever seen a tube go out before? Pick up that shovel, you! Do it quick!”

Mr. McGuire, the engineering officer, came down soon after, and watched the way in which the fireroom force cut out the boiler and hauled fires. When the excitement was over, he noticed a pan of onions sitting in a corner.

“Hello, what’s this?” he asked Butch Taylor.

“Why, we were going to make some mulligan, but we had to knock off for emergency drill. However, we might as well go ahead, now.”

Five or ten minutes later, a gob passed the word: "The mulligan's done!"

Mr. McGuire said, "Gentlemen, excuse me," grasped a slice of bread, and darted out to the empty fireroom. When he came back, he was too busy to talk.

The five ships arrived in Guantanamo on Friday morning, and coaling commenced almost immediately; but it was from lighters and they were soon through. The South Carolina took on only 665 tons for the trip up to the roads.

It was in Guantanamo that Red Dugan strayed from the straight and narrow path with disastrous consequences. Young men who read this, and who are desirous of entering the Naval Academy, if you grow lax in your observance of the regulations, you will suffer for it just as surely as the night follows the day. It is unfortunate that our hero did not save a man from drowning or save a ship from sinking, so that he might receive commendation from the Admiral, a word from the President, and three columns in his home town papers, but how often is real life a surprise! There is a reward for conscientious performance of duty, and every writer recognizes it, but there is also punishment for disobedience to orders.

The queer part about it was, that Red "jumped ship," or stayed away when he did not rate liberty, in Guantanamo, that spot in southern Cuba which may be freely described in a few words: plenty of sand, cactus and scrub growth all over the scenery, and broken beer bottles along the road. It is a good port for the winter maneuvers, for the men have nothing to distract their attention from their work.

The way of it was this: Red had been working in the fireroom, and he had looked forward to a plate of ice cream so ardently that his appetite ran away with his reason. The afternoon of the coaling was devoted to a field day, or clean-up day. Red donned his dungarees and joined a shore party sent for sand for the sand locker. When he reached the dock he silently stole away and walked two miles to the Dutchman's, where he consumed three quarts of old Double-Bottom, Cast-in-the-Shell goat's milk ice cream.

When he returned to the dock the boat had returned to the ship. He waited behind a cactus growth and associated with varied forms of lizards and sand fleas until two o'clock in the morning when the gig was sent ashore. Red jumped in the cock-pit and lay low until the boat tied up at the quarterdeck boom. He was in hopes that he would be mistaken as a mechanic, but the Officer of the Deck saw him as he crawled aboard and said:

"Young man, who are you?"

"Red Dugan, sir."

"Where have you been?"

"Ashore, sir."

"Very well; report to the executive officer in the morning. You're down."

Red's folks were expecting him home for September leave, but here is what they received:

U. S. S. Bancroft Hall,
Annapolis, Md.,
1st September, 1921.

Dear Father and Mother,

Please do not kill the fatted calf, as your wandering son has become a black sheep. I went ashore for amusement in Guantanamo and was discovered. The next thing I knew, I was listening to a raucous voice calling out: "——— and in addition, Midshipman Dugan will be deprived of the leave that is usually granted to midshipmen in September,"

Ever the same,

RED..

P. S. Betty is here!

THE END.



THE END

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 You'll be coming back to me,
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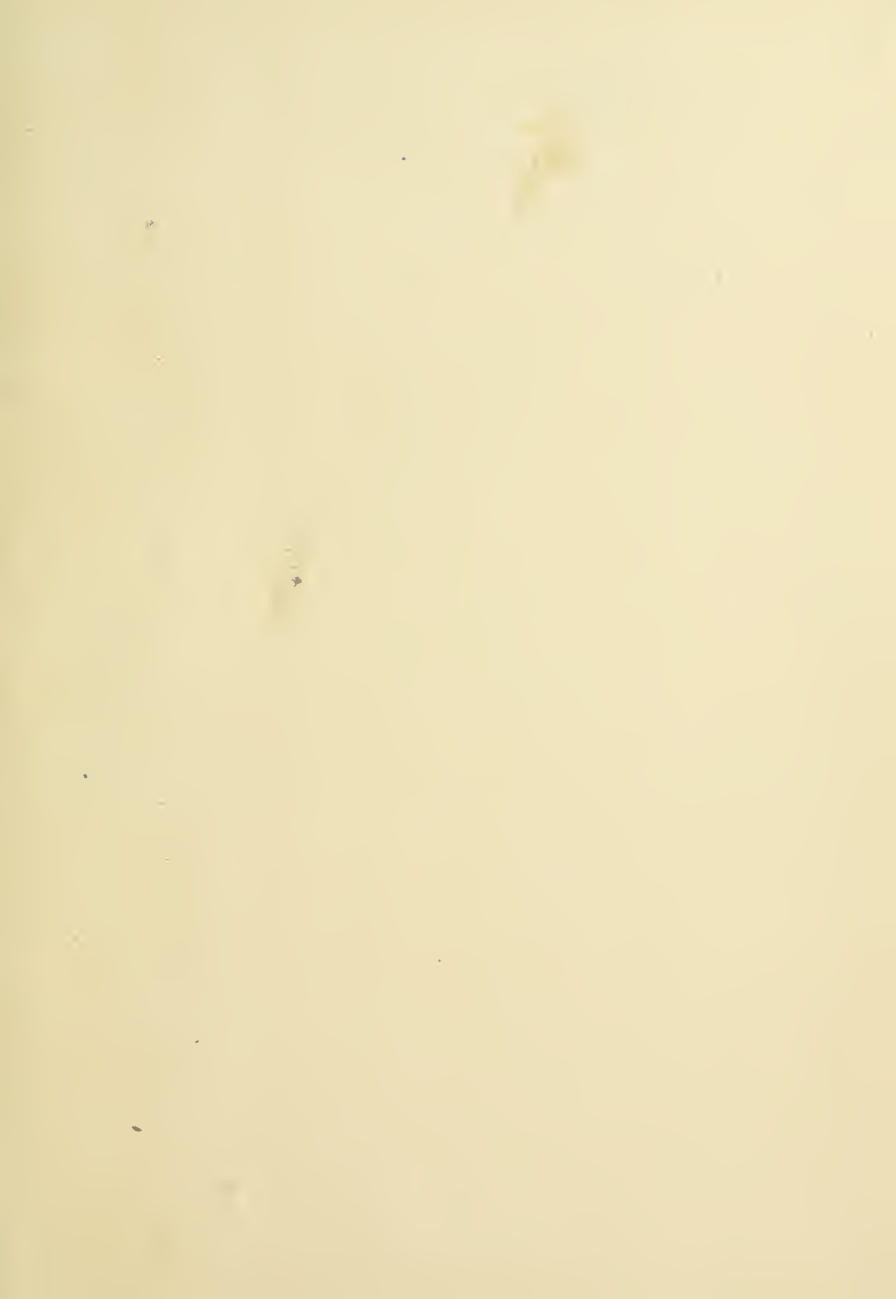
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